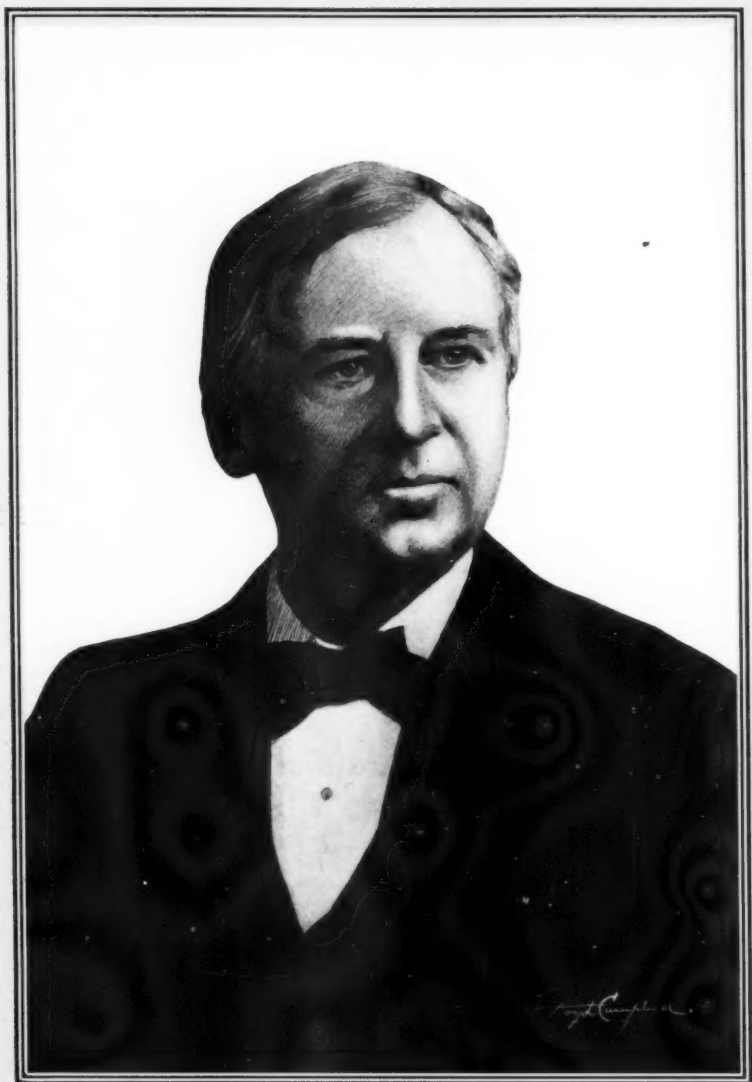




# THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

MAY  
1903  
VOL I NO V

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE  
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR  
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
THE LIBRARY PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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JOHN WANAMAKER

PHILADELPHIA



## Managers and Management of the Modern Store

Reciprocal organization is the note of modern life. Both ends of its bargains must be good or bargaining stops. The department store exists and has come into being because the illumination and spirit of modern trade, with its advertising, accuracy, and one price, have been used by men who early grasped this principle as applicable to the sales of all goods alike. They organized accordingly for public convenience. People buy in department stores not merely because prices are low (they are not always for all things), but because the system correlates with their daily life by giving the customer both the accident of the bargain and the habit of a standard supply.

A department store (this is a misnomer, but there is none better) is not so much an aggregate of stores as an aggregate of organized human ability. Department stores succeed not because of the number of their departments, but because of the weight of ability they attract. Each man counts for more in a department store than he would alone or in a lesser organization. The proof of this is personal, known to every man who personally knows the personnel of a store. Nothing is more striking among them than the sense of organic enthusiasm. From the owner or manager to the last cash boy, everybody is "chesty" so far as his relation to the store is concerned. No crack regiment so magnifies its place, its tradition, its *esprit du corps*, and its *élan*, as the staff of a department store. There is a zest, a push, a go about

the thing which is infectious and contagious. The bounce of the daily advertisement only reflects dimly the bounce of the store itself and its belief in its destiny.

These encircling corridors are an amphitheatre in which men and women are wrestling for the biggest stakes of the business world. When the twenty-seventh year of the largest of these establishments is celebrated, its head and founder, Mr. John Wanamaker, tells 2,500,000 readers in the papers of two cities how he helped to take down the measure of the first pair of trousers ordered in a business which has grown to its vast dimensions. There is not a stock boy in Marshall Field & Co. who does not know where its present manager, Mr. Henry Gordon Selfridge, began his work as stock boy in the basement of the wholesale house.

The department store rings with its stories of the rise of this man and that, of promotions, premiums, and salaries, of strokes in purchases, coups in selling, and neat turns in advertising. The single store sags and drags and stupefies. The hot, visible competition of the department store rouses the emulation of regiments in an army. It educates. This education grows systematic.

William Cooke Daniels, in Denver, has his corps of cadets and is drawing in college men as railroads and the big trusts are attracting them. In the leading Philadelphia store, as Mr. Frank Brewer has described at length in a most suggestive and stimulating paper in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, there is a fully organized business

high school for boys and girls, with a six years' course, whose brief hours joined to the high pressure of the store, crowd, as any one may learn by examination, studies usually spread over twice the period of time.

There could be no better proof of the vital health of the department store than the way in which it opens careers instead of closing them. It has enormously enlarged the arena within which ability becomes visible. By doing this, it shortens the path for ability. Opening channels for specialized talent, it lessens the worst of all wastes—the waste of business failure. If you know well for many years the staff of one of these big establishments, you come to see under how heavy a handicap labors the man able in some special field—who has an instinct akin to genius in Persian rugs or precious stones, in shoes or in drygoods, in buying goods or selling them—when in the small store, besides exercising his special gift, he has to waste himself on the multifarious duties of mere store-keeping for which he is not fitted. Specialization of human function is carried as far in a well-organized department store as in an army.

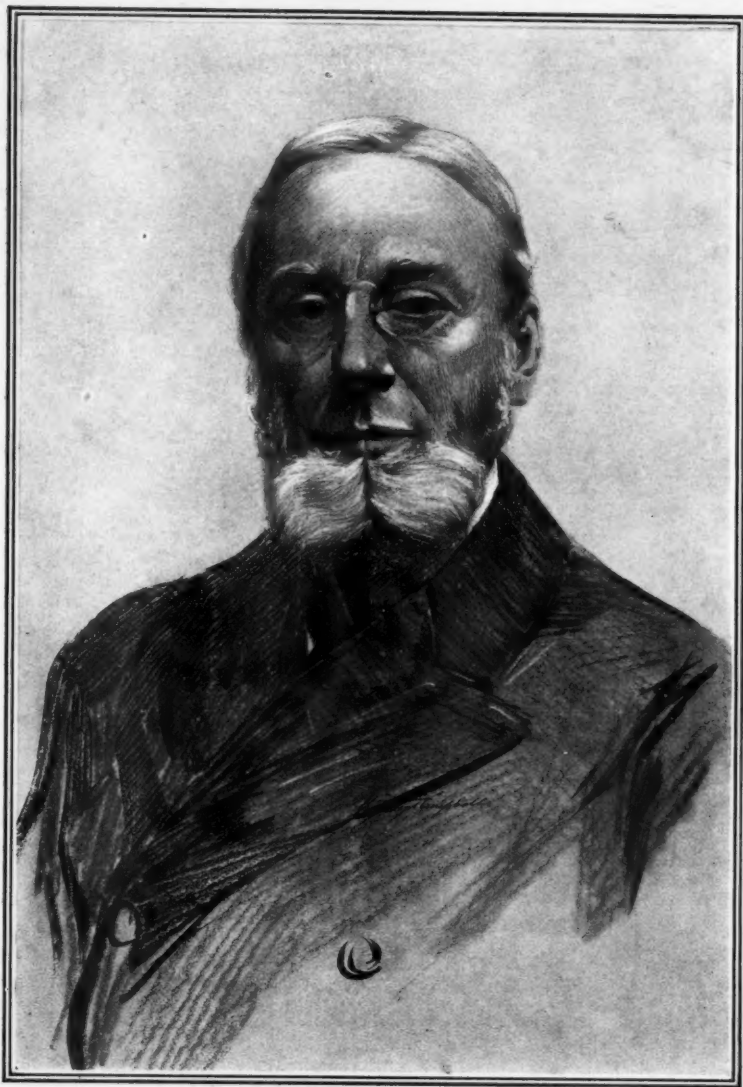
Doubtless there is a loss of what is called personal independence. So in an army. But which is really the freer man in the highest of human freedom, the exercise of a special gift—the chief of a savage tribe of a thousand warriors or the colonel of a regiment in a modern army corps, and which has the better chance to be seen, known, and win? Many a man in these stores has before failed alone. He is earning more in greater security and with higher self-respect, using his particular personal power, than he could in his own store. He is hiring as much as he is hired. I have known more than one head of these vast businesses and more than one well. I have never known one—I doubt if there is one—who in silent moments did not dwell and rejoice above his millions and his business, on the careers which he knew his special gift of organization, administration, and merchandising had opened for other men with other special gifts whose very field of endeavor he had created. The dye masters the dyer's hand. Business is selfish, but like war it has its nobler moments and its nobler passions, and chief of these I have seen in the moistened eyes of more than one of these grand

marshals of merchandise as he dwelt on the young men he had seen rise on the ladder whose rungs and posts he had joined and framed.

This framework of specialized abilities and careers—for it is men, not goods, that make a great department store—has two sources, the general store, fruit of the frontier, and the big dry-goods store of the middle of the last century. Department stores may, as with Jordan, Marsh & Company in Boston, or Marshall Field & Company in Chicago, and Strawbridge & Clothier in Philadelphia, grow from a great dry-goods business. The experience of Hilton, Hughes & Company shows that the largest dry-goods business of a continent and the best trade good-will of a metropolis—that of A. T. Stewart & Company—cannot in unskillful hands and under a narrow management develop into a great department store. Yet a man with a genius for the work—the best store-keeper, the broadest manager, the most competent in discipline this trade ever saw—Mr. Robert C. Ogden—may, with ample leisure for a broad philanthropy and enlightened labors for a race and a section needing him, build on the mere, bare ruins of the older business a successful department store which in some seven years has gone from bare walls to a front rank. Wanamaker's in Philadelphia had for its beginning a clothing business in 1861 which fifteen years later moved as a department store into the square between four streets which it now occupies. Altman's grew out of a single dry-goods store, one of the first in New York to apply together style and the ready-made principle to women's clothing of a high order. Macy's was a variety store. Siegel, Cooper & Company began with clothing in Chicago.

In all these there is some one business which has grown, developed, divided into departments, added others—until at length it is a full department store of one of the two classes described below. Where there were in New York fifteen years ago but two such, there are now a full score large and small. Philadelphia has seven, one with nearly half the business; Chicago about the same number, with three which dwarf the rest. In Boston this precise form of organization has been relatively less successful and there, as in Chicago, met a more direct opposition. All cities down to small towns have stores of this





*From photograph by C. S. H. Studio*

ROBERT C. OGDEN

WANAMAKER'S, NEW YORK



*From photograph by Cox*

HENRY GORDON SELFRIDGE

MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO

type and business, for the real secret of a department store is that integration of activity and differentiation of function which Mr. Herbert Spencer long since pointed out as the method of organic development, and the principle is as true of the creation of one of these manifold trading worlds as of the curdling of a planet.

Each city has its individuality in the evolution of its form of trade. In New York the great shop dedicated to a single commodity still holds the field. In that city, for instance, one store rules the carpet trade as the carpet departments of composite stores do in other cities. No carpet department in New York matches the work of this one firm. In other lines this is true. New York is so large that a single trade can support the single store. This certainly suggests that as cities grow, it may be found that the department store, still but thirty years old, may in another half century resolve again into a trade organization of great single stores which gain in combination but are supreme in no one member of their varied make-up. Such an evolution will make for an even sharper competition than exists today, the symbiosis of the department store facing the highly specialized function of the single store.

In Boston, this form of store still rests on its dry-goods foundation and has about it the accent and aroma of earlier methods. In Chicago, the wholesale and retail establishment are united in the ownership of the new compound. In Philadelphia and in our other cities the type of man who can create a great retail traffic does not lead in managing a wholesale trade. But in Chicago, besides the four leading firms, doing together, I think it will be found, five-sixths of this order of trade, there are two great establishments which, without a counter and a customer, do a department store business in volume, matching any but the largest, and all conducted by mail. No Eastern city has this, because none has the broad area of small towns Chicago feeds with commodities.

Philadelphia has proved the best field for the fruiting of the department store. First and foremost, because it has been served by a man of genius in this field, who began the work early and has carried it farther than any other man. John Wanamaker is a merchant, a man of affairs,

of wide activities and a pungent, penetrating personality, but his high power in the trade to which he has given a lifetime is the artist's gift of intuition, of instant apprehension by an inner sight of solutions which other men gain, if at all, by halting, logical processes and slow intellection.

Next to the man in the field, the even expanse of moderate incomes which marks Philadelphia, its stable life, a diversified industry, which prevents either boom or depression from going as far as elsewhere, the local ideal of comfort and material ease, the thorough satisfaction in an average not too high—these all unite to give a broad base for the department store. Its gregarious character suits a gregarious community.

The joint sales of stores of this order are in proportion to population, probably larger in Philadelphia, taking both wealth and families, than elsewhere. In the nature of things nothing very definite can be known, though in Philadelphia a tax on retail sales gives a clue. In all, in this city, the aggregate annual sales of seven of these stores, the rest being lesser, is, on a close estimate, from \$43,000,000 to about \$47,000,000. New York is thrice the size of Philadelphia, but no one would place the total sales there at over twice those of Philadelphia, single stores in special fields in New York, as already said, drawing off much. Boston, with five or six large department stores, has not much over half the sales of Philadelphia, say, at a guess, \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. Chicago probably decidedly exceeds Philadelphia, and would be placed at from \$50,000,000 to \$55,000,000. These are estimates; but they are estimates made and checked by experts. In all, these cities have yearly sales of some \$200,000,000, an estimate probably not 10 per cent. off either way.

These sales are pretty evenly divided between cash and credit sales. Now one is larger and now the other, but I doubt if either is ever much under 45 per cent. of the total. The cash sales are part to those whose purchases and credit do not entitle them to an account, and part to those who, having an account in one store, deal for cash in another. The authorized accounts on which purchases may be made reach numbers little understood. A single store in one of these four cities has 125,000 open accounts. Many of these are but rarely used, but on all purchases may be made. A store which has been for only six

or eight years in operation may secure in that time 30,000 open authorized accounts. It would not surprise me to learn that in the four cities I am considering there were (many of them, of course, duplications of the same person) a round 800,000 to 1,000,000 open accounts. Nothing comparable to this network of individual credits exists the world over. Losses are small. The vast majority of credit purchasers are of the middle class with moderate incomes, who always pay.

Only a portion of these open authorized accounts are in any month active. Where the business is long established and has for years been adding to its credits, not much, if any, over a fifth will be buying in any one month, but this amount and bulk will steadily grow. If the very small and very large accounts are excluded, the average account is in Philadelphia close to \$350.00 a year. The actual average is below this, say \$250.00 to \$300.00. In short, the solid bulk of active accounts at a well established department store will run at \$25.00 of purchases a month. In New York they will be higher, and in other cities less. All these figures are after all mere approximations, little more than a guess drawn from various averages, based on facts known in various cities, subject to various errors but tolerably near the fact.

When in 1900 the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics investigated the workings of ten department stores, larger and lesser, and nine stores with departments, over a term of years, the inquiry demonstrated that from 1875 to 1895, in which years these establishments had been growing up, the growth of lesser separate stores had gone on with the population. There were no fewer individual stores because of these composite creations. Philadelphia shows a like record. Here as elsewhere in the higher organization of trade or industry there is a gain which is no man's loss. Every inquiry reveals the same facts. The attempt Chicago made in 1879 to limit the growth of these stores was two years later set aside by the courts. Demands for a special tax made in 1899 in New York and Massachusetts were refused by the legislatures of these states. Department stores have been taxed in France since 1843, under a law enacted in response to the demand of 40,000 retail merchants, but this special tax, under which the Bon Marché in 1898 paid \$81,832.00, the Louvre \$83,569.00,

and the Printemps \$22,581.00 has had no effect on their growth. A like effort in Germany has been futile, and the law passed in Missouri in 1899 has accomplished nothing.

Like all social creations the department store wins because it is wanted. It is a clearing-house of social wants. As Mr. Robert C. Ogden pointed out in an article four years ago, at least a third of its business is created by itself. Convenience it is; but much more. Its one price has steadied trade ethics. A system of returns renders necessary accuracy and truthfulness in sales. The store as a whole has to be more honest than any individual, just as an army has a higher level of courage than the single soldier taken alone. The personnel of these stores steadily improves. The loose life once charged steadily diminishes and in time will disappear. Doubtful characters may come in during the holiday season, when a single store will add 2000 to 4000 to its force, but the average of the permanent force is high and rising. Many salaries are low. They would be lower without these stores. When Gimbel's in Philadelphia absorbed a row of stores for a new building, these stores had 112 employed in all. The new floor space in the department store called for 1500 to 2000. In the same city Wanamaker's with 8000 has at least eight-fold the separate store population of the same area. It is because service is on this lavish and efficient scale that the public throngs these stores and finds in them a daily social exchange and sense of reciprocal gain.

Department stores are of two clearly defined classes. This difference is most clearly marked in the twelve to fifteen in our four largest cities having yearly sales of \$8,000,000 and upwards; but it extends through all grades of the compartmented store. One class, usually but not invariably of larger capital than the other, represents a close intimate connection with foreign and domestic sources of supply. These stores carry great stocks, always turning over. They take all a factory makes. They manufacture. They have their own purchasers and affiliated plants abroad. They control and influence all stages. The other class of these stores, doing in some instances as large a business as any but the three largest of the first class, is made up of establishments which are constantly buying and replenishing in

the open market. They depend on its movement for their supply. Their trade is in a perpetual flux. In a great mart like New York this is easy, and this class do there a larger proportional business. Such are constantly buying from all that comes and going constantly to all who sell. This difference will run through the entire organization and personnel. The first class must make all its departments complete and it tends to have experts at their head; the broad merchandizing of the store being also in special hands so that the head of a department is an expert in his goods rather than in the sources of general supply. In the other class of store the energy which keeps a steady stream running with even volume is wanted, and its type of specialist knows no one class of goods well but knows how to make any goods sell.

It is true of both classes that their advertisements, which deal with the bargain, the fruit of accident and of wreck, give a very disproportionate impression of the real volume of transactions whose main current is made up of staple goods and staple prices. As for the amount spent in advertising, it is in Philadelphia from \$1,300,000 to \$1,400,000 yearly, and three stores spend an average of \$300,000 apiece. The amount in New York and Chicago is still larger.

This complex organism, the joint product of publicity, public demand, and personal initiative, has developed a mercantile type of its own, differing and differentiating more than do railroad and professional men. Business imagination all the managers, proprietors, and creators of these great enterprises must have. Nearly all who have founded a successful department store possess imagination, sense for style, and capacity for business design, or else sheer ability in organization. All these founders have some of both qualities, a few both, and most one or the other strongly developed. Mere business ability by itself will not create a department store.

These enterprises are now in their second generation. These business realms are passing or have passed, as all empires must, from those who founded to those who administer—either executive managers of a familiar business type, trained in the traffic they guide, who have risen grade by grade to the head of the enterprise in which they began, or the sons of founders.

The next stage of the department store will be the joint-stock company. This has already come in England and France. It is near here. There are already department stores in our cities, one such in Chicago, owned by outside capital. More than one wholesale business is successful on the joint-stock basis. The department store will come next. Before thirty years there will be department stores whose shares are principally owned by those who hold places in its service or who are on its roll of authorized accounts.

*Salvatore D. Scianca*

### Aggregated vs. Department Stores—An Inside View

In the beginning Cain raised fruit and vegetables, and Abel raised sheep. Both brought their products to a common table. Cain probably thatched the hut, and Abel supplied skins for raiment, and commerce was complete. When neighbors were no longer able to exchange among themselves their varying products, primitive barter passed away. Then the trader came. Soon the world grew too large for the trader to handle exchange by going to the people. Then he sat down and had the people come to him, and the *Store* was established.

The important place occupied by the great modern store in commercial economy is scarcely comprehended by the public. The development of the store is so recent that the public has not yet fully realized the dependence of the manufacturing industries of the world upon the successful operation of these great distributive enterprises. Retailing in America developed slowly from its primitive condition until the days of A. T. Stewart, when a notable advance began, and the modern store began to realize its responsibility as a universal distributing agency. During Mr. Stewart's half century of success the American store grew from a haphazard trading-place to an organized, systematized establishment. One epoch-making principle he established—worthy of a great merchant—the principle of one price for merchandise.



WILLIAM COOKE DANIELS

DANIELS & FISHER, DENVER



It is an interesting coincidence that the very year of Mr. Stewart's death, 1876, marked the opening of the Grand Depot at Thirteenth and Market Streets, Philadelphia; and a year later the business was broadened into the new lines of merchandise which brought John Wanamaker into the field of general storekeeping. The new venture began a new epoch in American retailing. The central idea of the enterprise was the aggregation of a number of specialty stores, each one of the highest efficiency in its particular line. The operations of these stores were founded on three principles—one fair, fixed price to all; money returned to every unsatisfied purchaser; shorter business hours.

The ideas developed at the Philadelphia store were like thistle-down in the way they soon covered the country, bettering storekeeping all over the land. The new principles appealed to common sense. A store was no longer a trap. The storekeeper now wore a smile of simple courtesy instead of the classic smirk of blandishment.

The broader ideas and the stores which embodied them met with abundant opposition. The sympathizers with the small dealers were many and garrulous. Success was slow enough to make growth strong and secure. Year by year great principles were established and erroneous theories cast aside.

The principle of returning money, if demanded, was a great forward stride in commercial progress, prophetic of the larger relation of the great store as the meeting-place, the clearing-house, between the great public as consumers and the great public as producers. Moreover, the principle of a fair, fixed price on every article made retailing simpler and surer for both seller and buyer. Price could now become a feature of advertising, because a merchant no longer feared to let the public know what was the lowest figure he would take for an article. Publicity of price established public confidence. The purchase which formerly took an hour of price haggling could now be made in five minutes. Furthermore, personal buying was no longer necessary to be sure of getting the best price; so orders could be sent by mail or messenger. This principle, by paving the way for modern advertising, made possible the advent of an immeasurable commercial force. The strong, frank, informative

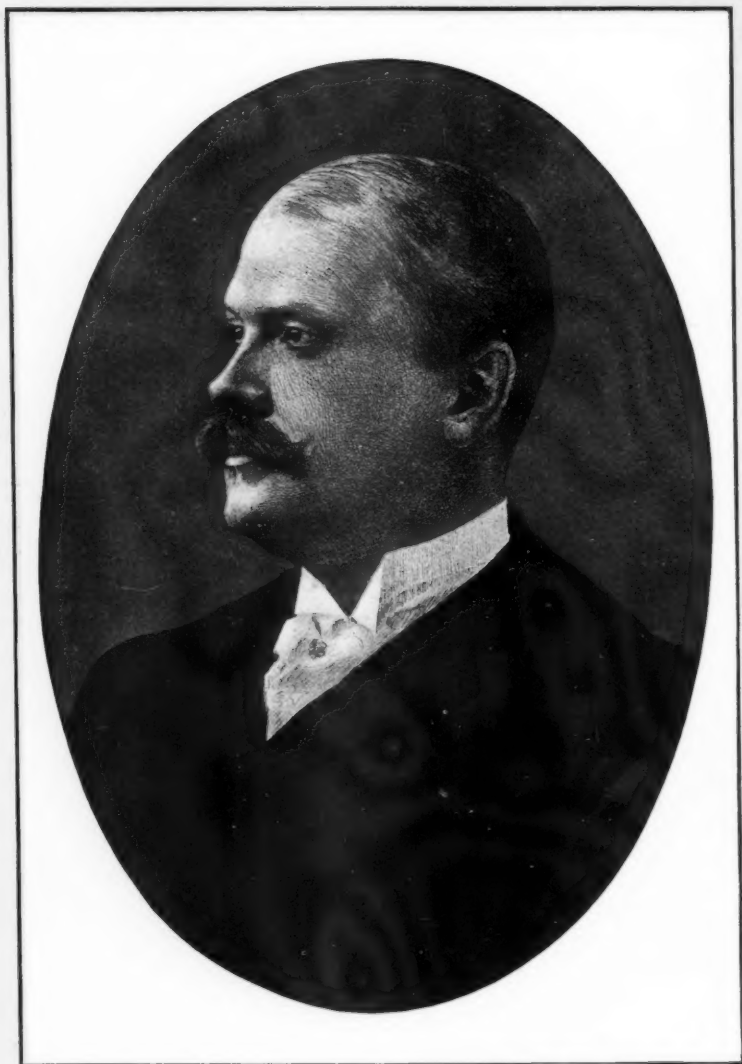
advertising which grew out of these principles has been one of the greatest incentives to commercial progress.

The great store has not grown for itself alone. Its benefits to the public are incalculable. It has raised the standard of living, and it has increased the possibilities of production. The public look to it to know what to buy. Manufacturers look to it to know what to produce. It maintains the equilibrium of trade. If the producer has a surplus, the great store undertakes the unusual distribution, thus preventing the congestion which stops factories and throws laboring people out of work.

Desire for a higher standard of living has been stimulated by the great store's exploitation of its wares, both by its new capacity and facilities for displaying goods and the modern methods of advertising them. For three decades the brains and genius of the great stores have been educating people *to want things*. The little shops that raised such a hullabaloo when the new store came were content to sit and wait until the public thought out the things wanted, and came for them. The great stores came and exploited their wares in such manner that people who hadn't thought of wanting the things before came and bought them in ever increasing quantities. People were educated out of their old frugal ways of living. The big store's advertising did not steal away the little store's business—it stimulated new business, a hundredfold more than it brought to itself.

Today the little stores live and thrive more than ever before, despite the vast number of large stores. Business has grown faster than the stores, because advertising has taught men to want six suits of clothes instead of two—women to want ten dresses instead of three; and both men and women to want new clothes every season instead of when the old clothes were worn out. In the old days fashion was largely confined to the wealthy few; today, largely by reason of the years of education by the great stores, fashion is obeyed by all but the very poor.

Some criticism of the "department" store has been justifiable, and it has brought condemnation undeservedly on the large general stores whose methods and policy are distinctly different. This is accounted for by the fact that the old cross-roads store of days gone by is the father of two store systems. The one endowed with the larger



*From photograph by Alva Pearsall*

HOWARD GIBB

FREDERICK LOESER & CO., BROOKLYN

responsibility, matured into the "aggregated" store—or one store composed of many completely organized and segregated specialty stores, each managed and directed by its own expert specialists, though under the management of one general head. The other system, the prodigal son of retailing, developed into the "department" store—a store of departments where are sold the easy-to-sell articles of the various classes—things the public buys in largest quantities.

For instance, the "department" store will exploit sales of certain popular lines of shoes. It will carry in stock, perhaps, the sorts of shoes that meet the largest demands, confining its efforts to serving the people who will come in large numbers for special bargain offerings. It does not attempt to supply the public with anything like a broad and comprehensive selection. It is destructive in its effect, because it gobbles up the profitable part of a business without serving the public in the less profitable details.

On the other hand, the "aggregated" store, aiming to give complete public service in each of the aggregated lines it dispenses, not only has all the popular lines of shoes that the ordinary department store would exploit, provided they are of sufficiently worthy quality to be sold, but it also has every sort of shoe needed for every occasion, and is not only a seller of shoes, but a maker of them in every sense but the absolute production. It works for the improvement of leathers; and the efforts of its shoe experts are constantly allied with those of the best shoe manufacturers for the producing of better lines of shoes than are regularly manufactured. This special store of an ideal "aggregated" store is thus managed by shoe experts of broadest knowledge and experience who know everything about leathers and shoe-making, and who have the skill, energy, and initiative necessary for producing betterment in shoe-making as well as shoe-selling.

The future growth of the great store is a subject for speculation. The natural law would seem to point to centralization or combination of the larger stores under fewer heads. But experience does not seem to favor that theory. The general distribution of merchandise is so broad, and the demand for neighborhood stores so positive that centralization would not effect such economies as are secured by the combination of other industries.

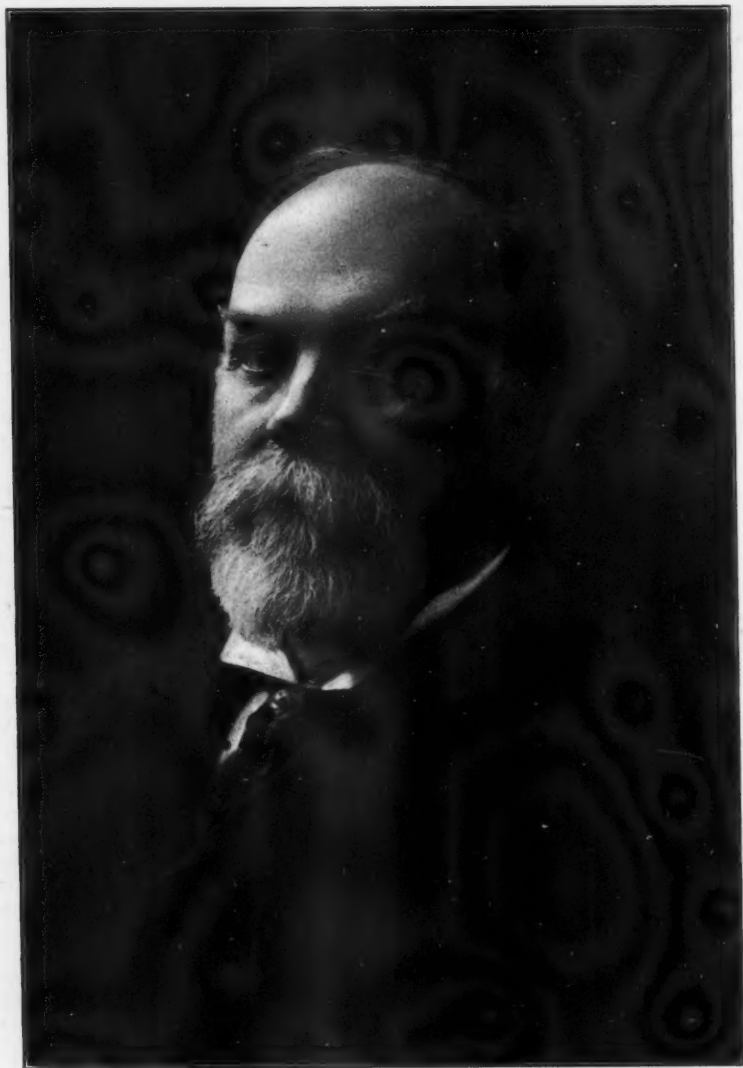
It would seem impossible that stores should ever be controlled by a trust. The trusts which exist today are entirely within the field of production. No trust has as yet successfully controlled distribution. The possibilities of competition are almost infinite, as it is seemingly beyond the power of any single distributing organization to control all sources of production of an almost infinite number of products. The store trust would needs dominate and control all other trusts; and inasmuch as the destruction of competition would diminish exploitation, thus curtailing general consumption, the producing trusts would combat the distributing trust in self-interest.

But the future of the great stores along the lines of natural progress gives no present evidence of any radical revolution. There are improvements to come in public service quite as sweeping as have been evolved in the past. There are radical changes to come in the way the store will serve the public. Stores will grow larger, and waste will be diminished by more economical production as well as by more economical organization of store facilities. The public rewards follow where the public is best served; and never did public retailing service enlist such universal effort from the genius of man as it does today.

*W.R. Hotchkiss*

### Department Stores as Wasters of Time

The unpunctual sex—now, may the recollection of various unkept appointments, social and business, with our ruling opposites justify my temerity in that introductory assertion! The unpunctual sex, then, with a clear conscience—mine, not that of the sex—is that which knows little of, or more graciously, which, knowing much of cares little for, the value of time. Proverbs, it has been sapiently urged—and the statement in itself is proverbial—are the wisdom of the wise put up in portable doses for the edification of the foolish. Let us reverse the definition and say that they are compounded of the folly of the foolish and put forth for the amusement of the wise. Of such a character is the famous statement that Time was made for



*Photograph by Simpson*

**TIMOTHY EATON**

T. EATON & CO., TORONTO

slaves. On that basis woman, the master of man, has no use for time. Ergo! We seem to have arrived at a conclusion of some sort, though just what it is I am at a loss to state.

However this may be, it is undeniably true that the most valuable asset toward the achievement of success in the case of a mere man is Time. According to Shakespeare, the guilt of Opportunity is great. The onus of its many crimes may justly be thrown back upon Time, but there is a converse to the proposition as well. Archimedes craved only a fulcrum and he would move the world. Give even a poor sort of a man time enough and he will either hang himself or achieve something.

The hand that rocks the cradle no longer rules the world. It is the hand that makes the fashion exerted through the hand that dispenses the material. In other words, the great controlling force in modern society for the master sex is not the baby but the dry goods store. Now, a dry goods store does not always use time, its own, or that of its supporters, to the best advantage. There is more time wasted in dry goods stores than in saloons. I have only the statistics of the dry goods stores, but I make the assertion boldly, nevertheless. I have wasted a great deal of time in one of the places myself—the dry goods store again, not the saloon!

One of the things that very young husbands love to do is to go shopping with very young wives. Age palls the pastime—and there is an unconscious appropriateness in the word pastime—on the palate. As man grows older he no longer joys in the former service of standing and waiting while his wife shops. He finds abundant food for reflection in the contemplation of the monthly results of her endeavors—the bills. I have done time in both noble functions and am still doing in one, but I go no more to the shop while veils and ribbons and gloves, to say nothing of blankets and dresses and shoes and other more serious matters, are discussed across the counter between tired and overworked sellers and equally tired and overworked buyers—for I confess to be able to discern but little difference between the two classes. But if I go no longer my memory is still keen, and it is refreshed and stimulated by witnessing the exhaustion with which the feminine members of my family, after a day of toil in these marts of trade which

are the haunt of woman, sink into convenient chairs and, with tired sighs and much animosity toward the hard conditions of shopping, declaim fitfully against the time wasted in buying this or that at so-and-so's store.

Having arrived as near to years of discretion as I shall probably ever attain, I determined to submit the question of the time expended, necessary or unnecessary, in dry goods stores to experiment, and then to analysis. I would go, I would buy, I would note. I determined to make a test, in the four leading stores of the three principal cities of the east, of the time required to purchase some necessary article which would be cheap and useful, and such things as are frequently called for and, therefore, readily available. Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and New York were the scenes of my experiment.

In order to make conditions as equal as possible and to be as absolutely fair and impartial as mortal man can compass, I carefully considered the problem before I ventured into the field of battle. I decided to make my visits to the stores between the hours of two and four in the afternoon; to visit them all during the space of one week, which should comprise the last of November and the first of December; not to visit any store on Monday when there might be fewer persons present, or on Saturday when there might be more than usual. I resolved to note the time in hours, minutes, and seconds, just before I put my hand on the main door to enter, to ask the first employee I met to direct me, to follow directions implicitly, to tender in payment for the articles purchased a bill or coin which would have to be changed, to ask the way to the second counter, to repeat the process, to note the time when the change for the second article, and the article itself, were put in my hand. The difference between the entering and the final receiving record would, of course, be the elapsed time during which the transaction was completed.

Being deficient in imagination—when it comes to dry goods—and having always to rely upon the generous assistance of the feminine members of my family to describe the raiment of the various young ladies whom I have pictured in my books—I elected to buy a five cent paper of hairpins and one-half a yard of Lonsdale muslin. The hairpins would be of no manner of use



to me, nor would the muslin, but I would sacrifice myself by purchasing these things and thus obtain the desired information.

The adventures I had were many. I kept my eyes and ears open for all sorts of things. Some of the aisle managers to whom I applied had the information at their finger ends. I would tell one that I wanted to buy a paper of wire hairpins, and the answer would come, "Three aisles over, second counter to the right," as promptly as if it were shot out of a gun. Others would assume a far-away air, pass the right hand wearily across the brow, look patronizingly down upon me, remark, interrogatively, "Hairpins, did you say?" "Yes," "Did you say wire or shell?" "I said wire," I would answer. "Well, you will find them at the notion counter. Go down this aisle for four aisles, then turn to your left, and the counter is right there. You can recognize it by—" etc., etc. All of which was interesting, but, under the circumstances, damaging for the store, since it lost several seconds of valuable time, and I was counting even the seconds rigorously.

It happened that there was a number of people at all of the notion counters, and, pursuant to my resolution, I made no especial effort to attract the attention of the young ladies who dispensed the hairpins, save by standing at the counter in that attitude of humble appeal which experience teaches must be assumed before these small autocrats will condescend to receive your order. But it happened, also fortunately enough, that I was usually attended quite promptly—perhaps because of an extra touch of humility in my appearance, being only a forlorn man out of place. Sometimes I got what I wanted immediately. At other times the clerk seemed to have a fondness for argument. Sometimes she wanted to sell me the hairpins in a box, instead of in a paper. Sometimes, thinking, justly enough, that I knew nothing of hairpins, she would advise me that some special kind that the store seemed to favor were better than those I wanted. One young lady worked off two papers on me! As it would have taken much time to rectify the error I made no complaint. I was beautifully meek all the time.

I always asked the clerk who served me the hairpins the way to the white goods counter, telling her I wanted Lonsdale muslin. In two instances I was carelessly

misdirected, which caused a loss of some valuable time. In every case the white goods counter held but few purchasers, and I was waited upon at once, perhaps because people do not buy white goods at the beginning of winter. I bought the Lonsdale muslin without difficulty at all the stores but one, which did not keep the article but had something of their own which was "just as good."

Now, I am informed that Lonsdale muslin is a staple article; that wherever or whenever you get it you get the same thing, yet I found prevailing a singular variety of prices ranging from five to seven cents per half-yard. The yard price ranged from nine to thirteen. This rather surprised me. I wondered why everybody did not buy this muslin at the same place. I wondered if there was any real intelligent search for the lowest price, after all, among shoppers, or whether they got into the habit of going to one store and kept on going because they had acquired the habit; for why should they pay thirteen cents for Lonsdale muslin in one store when right across the street they could buy the identical article for nine? I have advised my family hereafter to shop with discrimination after investigation, which is one valuable conclusion at the service of the public.

Here follows the tabulated result of my investigations:

Store	Location	Elapsed Time	
A.....	New York.....	4 minutes	55 seconds
B.....	New York.....	5 "	47 "
C.....	Philadelphia.....	7 "	20 "
D.....	Brooklyn.....	7 "	30 "
E.....	Brooklyn.....	8 "	40 "
F.....	New York.....	9 "	00 "
G.....	Philadelphia.....	9 "	03 "
H.....	Brooklyn.....	9 "	20 "
I.....	Philadelphia.....	9 "	33 "
J.....	Brooklyn.....	9 "	35 "
K.....	New York.....	10 "	00 "
L.....	Philadelphia.....	11 "	10 "

A, of New York, is first, while L, of Philadelphia, brings up the rear, with a difference between them of six minutes and fifteen seconds—a very considerable difference I call it. The figures are interesting and I have combined them in various ways, and have arranged schedules in accordance with location. I find that the New York average is 7 minutes 25½ seconds; the Brooklyn average, 8 minutes 46¼ seconds; the Philadelphia average, 9



minutes 16½ seconds. New York has, in round numbers, 1 minute and 11 seconds the advantage of Brooklyn, while Brooklyn has only 30 seconds the advantage of Philadelphia. The general average of the whole is 8 minutes and 29 seconds. There are but two stores in New York, one in Brooklyn, one in Philadelphia, where the record is lower than the average, which shows how great an advantage these stores must have to balance the other nine.

I observed that there were three ways of making change in the stores under consideration: the cash register, a pneumatic or trolley system of reaching a central accounting department, and the employment of cash boys and girls. Some of the stores used both systems, that is, a cash register at the notion counter, and the pneumatic device, or boy or girl, at the white goods counter. The cash register was the best time saver that I came across. When it was used the change usually arrived before the parcel was wrapped. The pneumatic system came second, and the human endeavor was a bad third.

So much for facts.

Now let me indulge in a little speculation. In one of the stores, apparently not more crowded than the others—they were all full of people, for that matter—on an ordinary afternoon I counted sixty-seven persons in one minute pass a given point, which was a corner near one of the minor doors opening on an aisle not leading to what would be considered a popular department. I asked a number of employees and aisle managers if they would consider 200,000 separate sales a day a good average; I do not refer to customers, for each buyer usually makes several purchases, but to items sold. Some of them appeared to know nothing about it, others thought it would be. Naturally, the proprietors or managers of the several stores, who alone would have definite knowledge, would not care to communicate such private information concerning their business to a stranger, so I did not ask them. But let us say, for the sake of argument, that there are 200,000 separate purchases made in each of the stores in a single day. Divide that by two—because I took the time for two purchases—and, taking the difference in time expended between the first and last store as six minutes and fifteen seconds for each customer, there are 600,000 minutes plus 1,500,000 seconds of time lost. Take it

between the first and second stores on the list, fifty-two seconds for each customer, and there are 5,200,000 seconds lost. In the first case the total amount of time lost in one day by all purchasers would be, in round numbers, one year and nine months; in the second case, two months. The whole list might be gone through with in the same way. In taking account of the purchases, the frequency with which the common articles I bought are called for should be considered; for when more elaborate articles are sold, the difference in time would be greater—at any rate the same ratio would not obtain.

I submit these figures, then, for the consideration of those arbiters of fashion, the proprietors and managers of the great dry goods stores—and equally for the consideration of the customers thereof—with the advice that the said managers devote a large proportion of the great intellectual powers which have enabled them to originate and carry on such tremendous operations as are involved in the great modern department store to the saving of time to their customers in as large a measure as possible; for it will certainly be understood by everybody that, other things being equal, the store that offers the promptest and quickest service will get more and more of the business, provided the business itself does not get so great that it is unable to handle it, and drops back in the race on account of its very popularity!

One other thought. All these stores, except one, carry on a credit business. The one which does not carry on a credit business required more time to complete the cash purchases I made than any other save one. In every one, therefore, save one, it is easier and quicker to buy goods for credit than it is to pay cash! That opens up a rather interesting line of reflection. I believe that cash sales are considered usually more advantageous by the dealer. If so, conditions should be reversed and some means devised whereby it could be made easy to buy for cash—and time should be saved in that case—and hard to buy on credit, with corresponding loss of time.

*Cyrus Townsend Bond*



RUINS OF A THURINGIAN CONVENT

# HOW TO SPEND A SIX WEEKS HOLIDAY IN EUROPE



## Six Weeks in the Austrian Tyrol

To begin with, let us see if we possess the same tastes, for this journey would not appeal to everyone. Do you wish to travel with several trunks, go where you will find hundreds of fellow tourists and spend your six weeks in changing your clothes? Or have you a dream of an idle ramble through enchanted forests, picturesque hamlets, and scenery which makes you think you have never seen anything more beautiful? Do you like to plan beforehand where you are to go, so that in answer to casual questions you can announce that on August 28th at four-fifteen P.M. you will arrive at such and such a place; and then do you like to bend all your energies during June and July to arriving there on August 28th at four-fifteen P.M.?

I don't. I like to be in a state of blissful uncertainty as to where I shall be tomorrow. Therefore, as I think there are others just as inimical to duty, just as idle, just as dreamful, I shall mention a plan by which they may travel aimlessly yet economically—for my thrifty soul abhors the thought of wasting money on railways when there are places where shops abound.

You will find upon inquiry that German railroads issue circular tickets for journeys of two weeks, a month, two months or even three, and these tickets will permit you, on the route they embrace, to stop at any station mentioned on that road if you are so inclined. This enables you to break

your journey into hour stages, as well as allowing you to change your mind at least a dozen times a day—an inestimable privilege to women!—and to step off the train if the prospect from the car window invites.

This, of itself, is a fascination to me, and I can heartily recommend it as thoroughly satisfying to the artistic temperament. It is like traveling with an amiable, easy-going guardian, who says: "Very well, if you like—certainly!" to your most surprising and impossible suggestions.

This plan also recommends itself to the impetuous as providing a sure return. This ticket undertakes to return you by another route to your starting point, so that you will know beforehand just how much money you can spend on the way, or, if you are wise, how much you can save to spend more satisfyingly in Paris and London on your way home.

Let us then at a venture select Nuremberg, Munich, Salzburg, Ischl, the Achen See, Innsbruck, and through Lake Constance, to anywhere you like in order to get home. This route has not yet become fashionable with the fashionable, which is of itself a justification, to my mind, of its selection. It is not like the Italian Lakes, Switzerland, the chateau region in the South of France, nor yet Cathedral England. It is still in its original state, picturesque, detached, simple, and wholly natural. Not once in the Tyrol will you encounter an American rocking chair. The necessity of catering to the tourist has not yet entered their minds, nor do you



THE OLD CITY HALL, MUNICH



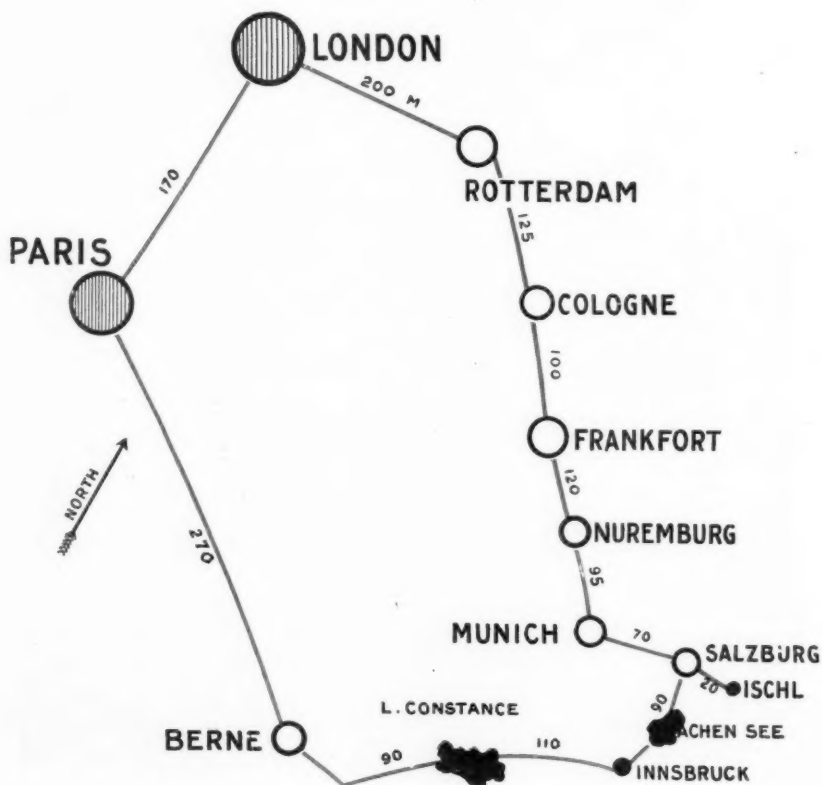
A GIRL OF THE GRODENER VALLEY, AUSTRIA

enter a hotel between rows of palms—upturned for fees.

No, you step from your train into the past—not the mouldering past of ruins and ivy, but the immediate past of your childhood days and Andersen's and Grimm's fairy tales. It has not grown up just because you have. It is still in its delightful and simple childhood. It is refreshing to find it uncontaminated by steam trams, clattering machinery, and the spirit of progress. It stays, as my dear grandmother used to say, "just so." And to go there after touring Europe and being half-way disappointed by the undeniable catering to Americans which you find in the much-traveled portions, is like going

back to the home of your childhood and finding the apples just as large, the honey-suckle and garden pinks just as fragrant, the water from the old well just as sweet, and the cooking just as luscious as in dreams they always are—and in reality so seldom prove.

The places I have mentioned are salient points where I can guarantee a thrill at each place. But of course you can and will make a score of other stops along the way, which will have all the delight of not having been pointed out beforehand as something which it is your duty to "do," but which you can discover for yourself. As for me, I am only deliberately leading you into tempta-







ST. VALENTINE ON THE DANUBE

tion, for in order to go from one of these points I mention to all the others, you must needs pass through fairyland.

Perhaps it is a little wild in me to name my article, "Six Weeks in the Austrian Tyrol," when I have no more idea where the Austrian Tyrol begins and ends than I have of the confines of the Bowery or Harlem or the Bronx.

Whenever I happen to mention that I have just been to Salzburg and Ischl and Innsbruck, somebody who knows more than I do—and there are always plenty of such around!—will say, "Ah, doing the Austrian Tyrol!" and I murmur, "Er-yes!" simply because I never *begin* a quarrel.

But anyway, that is where I found the most enjoyment for a six-weeks summer journey, and that is where I have selected to take you, and if you are of the delving sort it will give you something to do to find out where you are going.

I have also decided that you are to be school teachers and that there are to be four of you; but these suggestions I am about to offer are put forth in the humblest spirit, and are so far removed from directions that it may ease your mind to disregard them altogether as things you are sure to hate. My sister always asks my opinion on everything. She says that it helps her to decide, because I am always wrong.

First be careful in selecting your companions. I have seen more pretty than plain school teachers, but I should advise you to select plain ones as traveling companions. Pretty girls are charming in America, where their inevitable coquetties are understood, but in Southern Germany you will be traveling where Americans least abound and where the smallest hamlet is likely to be infested with German officers. The pretty American girl can no more help trying to attract attention than she can help breathing. What are her eyelashes so long for, if not to glance upward through? She has been told, but she has forgotten, that to treat foreigners as she treats her own men-slaves is to invite impertinences and ridicule, if not insult, and her mind is too pure to accept the situation as it really exists.

Therefore, don't take her. She cannot help looking pretty and returning interested glances. She will not learn from precept nor warning, and nobody will help

you to extricate either yourself or her if you get into an awkward predicament in Germany, for chivalry toward women is an unknown tongue to them—high and low. Your travels will lead you among the very dregs of chivalry, therefore avoid complications, rely upon yourself, ask help of no one whom you cannot fee in payment, and above all leave your pretty girls at home, unless there is a man in your party who is quick in sword play.

Secondly, be sure that all the others have as much money to spend as you have, or you will find yourself having to lend to them, or else being obliged to go to cheaper hotels.

Thirdly, take every cent you can scrape together, and arrange with a rich uncle to lend you five hundred by cable in case you need it. (But don't tell this to the other girls!)

Fourthly, be sure that you four have tastes as nearly in common as possible. For example, don't take a girl who is daffy over sunrises and long tramps before breakfast, if you want your coffee and rolls in bed.

You will have no trouble in selecting other points of contact after that hint, but as you may overlook one other, allow me to mention that I would under no circumstances travel with anyone who lacked a sense of humor.

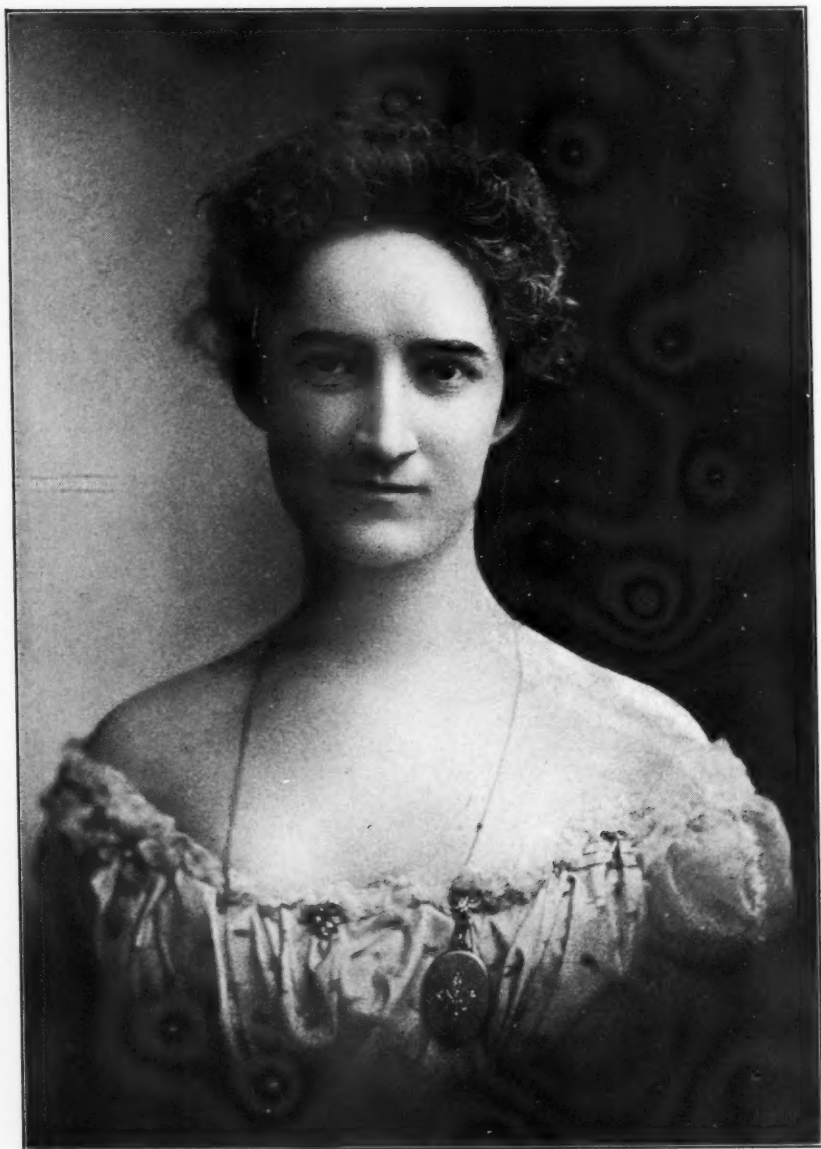
Traveling is sometimes the most diabolically irritating thing on earth. There are times when an uncomfortable, hot, car sick journey would put you in a temper where you could cheerfully slay your aged and inoffensive grandmother; but if you are able to laugh, you soon turn into a Christian again and use your bowie knife to stir your tea. At such a time you don't want to spend two hours getting the other girls out of the sulks, do you?

As to clothes—don't be cross with me for telling you what you will need—for oh, if some good friend had only warned me in time!

It will be hot. Make up your mind to that. Therefore you want a skirt and coat of brown or gray brilliantine which sheds the dust, with wash shirt-waists of pongee or something of that sort. In getting hats, don't buy either a sailor hat or an alpine. Have no brim in the back, for remember in foreign railway carriages the back of the seat goes all the way to the roof, and you can't possibly lean your



LERMOOS, AUSTRIAN TYROL



*Photograph by Varney*

LILIAN BELL



A TYROLESE INN



A CASTLE COURT IN THURINGIA



head back without taking your hat off. A rough straw which does not show dust, trimmed with flowers which when faded can be replaced with fresh ones, will bring you back to Paris looking as smart as when you started.

You will find even a steamer trunk a nuisance. If, therefore, you buy a big wicker hat-box, with handles and a lock on it, and have it lined with something water-proof—the very largest thing which will go with you into your compartment—you are invincible, for it also goes on your cab, and lo, it arrives and departs when you do.

Have a summer silk, simply but smartly made, to go to dinner in, an extra skirt for rainy days, at least four pairs of Oxfords, and there you are. You needn't be in the least afraid to get comfortable shoes a size larger than you wear at home, for not only will they lengthen your life and your temper, but after you see the feet of the women in—well, where you are going—you will feel like wearing all your extra pairs on a chain around your neck to call attention to their smallness.

Let me beg of you not to take your dainty pink and blue made-to-order cotton shirt-waists with you, expecting either in London, Paris, or the Austrian Tyrol to find Christian laundries. When I see in America the sign "Paris Hand Laundry," I immediately demand of the grocery boy if he knows where I can get a fat, negro washwoman. Let me pause one moment to describe the way Paris laundresses have of cleansing soiled linen.

They go to the banks of the Seine, kneel on a flat stone, put your linen into water cold enough to drink (and you do drink it, if you don't buy water in bottles!) sprinkle a little vitriol and lye on it, then rub it well between two stones worn into ridges. They then take it out and give it to the dog to chew, and when it comes back to you, you could wear your shirt-waists for face veils.

It is a scheme of my own, of which I am justly proud, when I say take plain white silk or pongee blouses. I went with pink and blue, and oh, well, what is the use? They were all white as well as openworked before I had been over there a month. So I got silk ones, and the holes every week I covered with medallions of lace. My plain silk blouses were elaborate evening bodices by the time I got back to

London, but I was careful not to strain them in reaching up to turn on the electric lights.

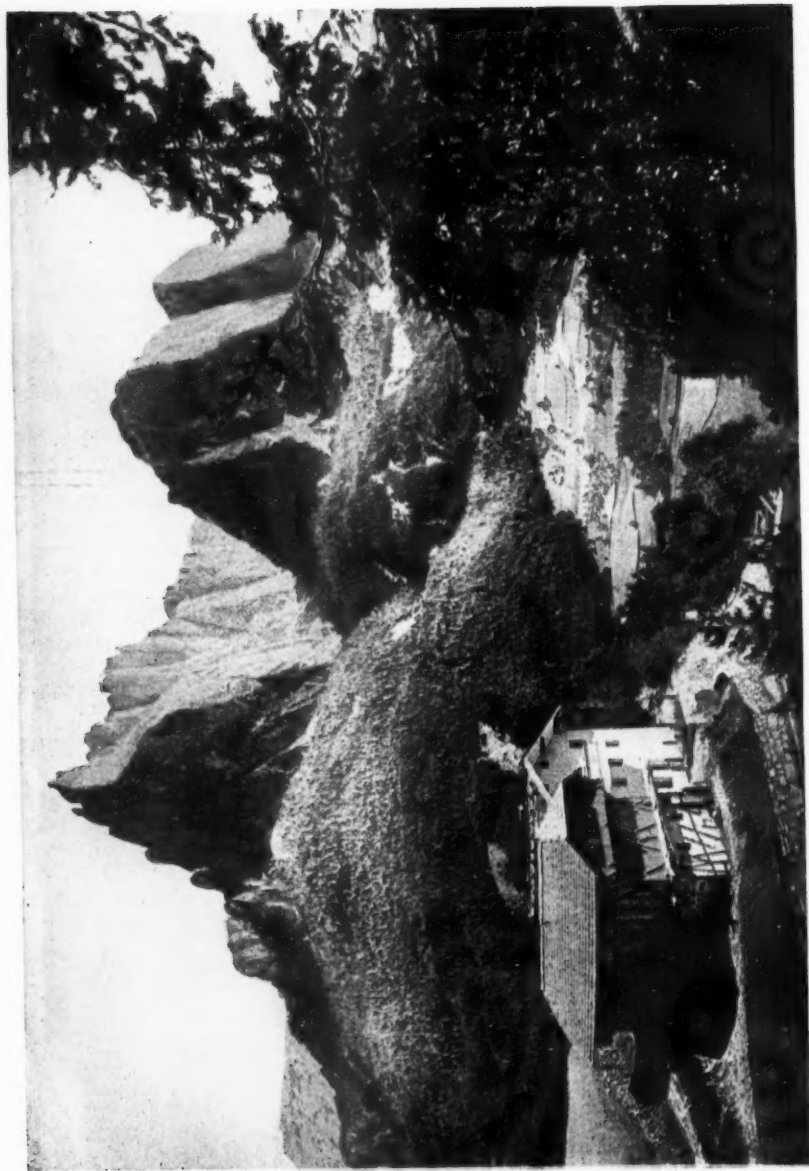
My sister has just suggested that possibly my four school teachers might be men. Of course, it is flattering to think that strong-minded men might be so moved by the eloquence of this article as to travel six weeks in—places where they speak German—and I can only say, in defence of my directions so far, that the rules governing clothes are not obligatory.

Take your Baedeker along and read all he has to say on this route. It will tell you so little of what you will really see! Then skip everything he tells you to go and see. When you get home read him over again, and you will be simply amazed to find out how much more thoroughly you will have got into the spirit of the places than he ever did, or than you would have done if you had followed his directions.

What, for example, does Baedeker know about Nuremberg—the Nuremberg that you will see? The quaint old shops, the zig-zag streets, the gaily painted old houses leaning toward each other in the upper stories as if they were old women having their evening gossip, the costumes of the inhabitants, the curious arts still practiced there, the Bratwurst Glocklein, where they snip off hot sausages on your plate with a pair of scissors and pass on to the next—it makes me fairly weep to think I am not going too!

It will make you laugh to read Baedeker's description of a salt mine after you have descended one yourself. Of all the exciting, uncanny, shivery things I ever did in my life, the time I slid into the salt mine at Salzburg was my slipperiest transaction. If I should die and go down instead of up, I never could be worse scared nor repent with more celerity of *everything* than I did when I was sliding three hundred feet into pitchy blackness, and making myself eminently companionable to the others by shrieking lustily every inch of the way. After it was all over, I found, however, that I had enjoyed it thoroughly.

At Ischl we saw more of the high Viennese society than we could have seen at any other time or place, for it was all concentrated there because of the presence of the Emperor Franz Josef. We were there when he was, but he didn't know it. In



PEASANT COTTAGE, AUSTRIAN TYROL

fact, royalty soon became no novelty. It was no uncommon sight to see a scarlet carpet unrolled from our train to some tiny station, and as plain a woman as you ever saw, with feet which could have trod comfortably over cabbage fields, descend and walk the length of it, attended by such masterpieces of masculine beauty in the shape of attending officers that you, for a moment, thought with scorn of your bank clerk at home. But the bank clerk will wear the best, and you will get over your momentary frenzy. Just to keep you company, however, I am free to state that if I were in an art class and the question were put, "Mention the most beautiful object in nature," I should be obliged to say "An Austrian officer."

Lake Constance, Innsbruck, and all the intermediate stops you will explore for yourself and like the better for so doing, but you may need some encouragement to hunt up the Achen See, for the ordinary tourist knows it not. I have said so much about it elsewhere that I almost hesitate to dilate upon it here. Indeed it is difficult to describe, for its charm is too evanescent. But don't miss it. Leave your train at Jenbach and on the same platform you will find a hunchback engine and one car which travels over a cogwheel road, and which will jolt you upward into Paradise.

Go to the Hotel Rhiner. You will find Fräulein Therese, bareheaded, under her umbrella, at the end of the pier, ready to receive you. If you bow to her from the boat, she will call a welcome to you, and will receive you as though you had only been away a week. She will prepare something special for your supper, and come to your door to tell you of it. She will play on her zither to you, and you must ask her to have the *schubplattler* danced for you.

While you are there you will see the Tyrolese peasant as he has been for hundreds of years, and as you will see him nowhere else, on this journey at least. You will own the hotel all the time you are there. You will be taken into the midst of the family life, and when you go you will leave such friends behind you that you will remember their true-hearted, simple affection forever and a day.

*Lillian Bell*

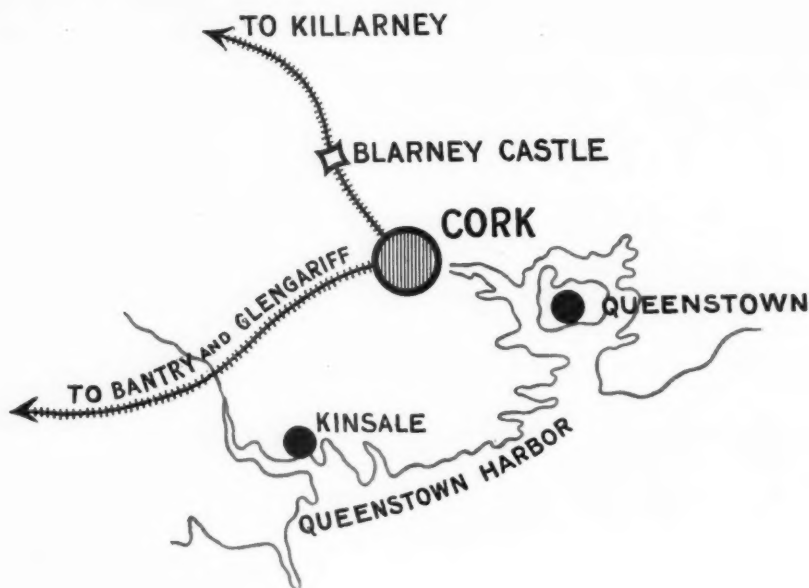
## Out in the World for Six Weeks

My counsel is not for first-timers in Europe whose aim is to see as many of the show-places as they can; but for those who, having done the hackneyed things, now wish to step aside from the dusty track; or else for those rare souls (if any be left) who would rather experience personal pleasure than fit themselves to keep up their end of the talk when, in mixed society, the routine tour of the world comes up.

I landed at Cork, only to take the late afternoon train to Kinsale, twenty miles southwest. Nobody knows it, but it is one of the loveliest places in the world. I arrived after dark; and dark as Erebus it was. I told the wild and witty creature who drove the jaunting car to carry me to the best hotel; and we plunged headlong into a soft abyss of blackness, with tender lights twinkling far down over it.

The adventure appeared somewhat perilous, though it was delightful. In twenty minutes the youth left me and my port-manteau at a snug house on the chief street, opposite the pawnbroker's. It was kept by a notable Irish widow who, with her two daughters, waited on me during my stay. The girls were both beauties, one with blue eyes and auburn hair, the other with black hair and blue eyes with black lashes. They were types, one of the native, the other of the Spanish Irish; for, hundreds of years ago, Kinsale was settled by Spanish refugees. It is mainly composed of their old gray stone courtyarded houses, with a coat-of-arms over the gateway; and the people are strongly marked by Spanish traits. I had a good supper, with a bottle of sound, rough claret, during my discussion of which the landlady and her daughters gave me the pleasure of their company. They were courteous, sparkling, and charming, but manifestly curious. Their brogue was delicious. I got to bed at eleven, and slept sound for eight hours.

I awoke to a divine, smiling, tearful morning; it rains in one part of the sky here, while it shines in another. The atmosphere has a mild, luminous richness which makes magic of all you see in it; a blue flannel shirt down in the bay looks like an amethyst. All objects are as though bathed in liquid precious stones. The shower-drops sparkle diamond bright, the bay palpitates with

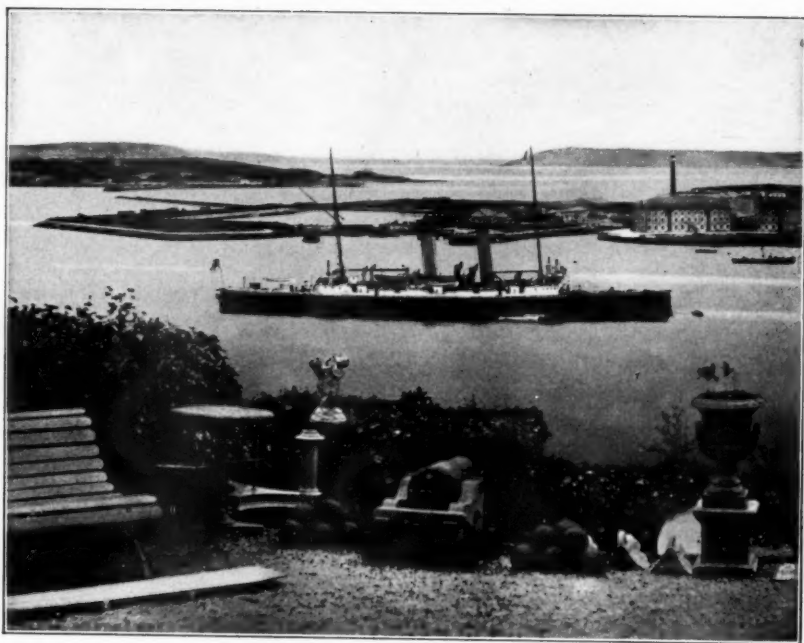


living azure, the bare surrounding hills seem to breathe enchanting mists, which ensowathe and dematerialize them. I climbed to a high point above the town to the east, and got the *coup d'œil*.

The circular bay or inlet, a mile in diameter, lies like a floor in a round room of hills. The town surrounds two-thirds of the sweep. The pitch is so steep that all the streets at right angles to the beach are stairways; the others, concentric circles. The bay is fed by a narrow arm of the sea running in ten miles from the channel on the east, and by a river flowing down from south of east, meeting the other at an angle. Across the blue smile of water, opposite, was an aged fort, whose gray ramparts have crumbled there for a thousand years, knee-deep in the tide. To the west, on the high ground, was discernible a level shelf; and as I looked, out upon it deployed a thin red line, and the bugle sang, giving fitting voice to all that lovely splendor. The British garrison was awake. Below me, at my feet, the little wharves were already busy with fishermen getting their boats in trim. They are all fishers

here. From afar came gently the delicate salt breath of the sea.

The narrow, high-shouldered streets, as I returned for breakfast, were deeply shadowed, with sunshine lighting only the tops of the dissolving gray palaces of the vanished race. I passed a broad terrace, with a railing of old carved stone overlooking depths below; on the other side, wonderful façades of ancient buildings; mighty trees grow in double ranks along its length. But the hour for that was moonlight; never was there such a haunt for ghosts. Descending the rambling stairway streets into the town, I noticed that the thick-crowding houses were of various styles. Some had arched doorways and overhanging balconies; some were gabled old cripples with projecting stories and latticed windows of Elizabeth's time; others were simply low hovels with turf roofs, earth floors, and one room for all. After breakfast I sat in the coffee-room window, looking across at the pawnbroker's. It was pawnbroker's day; the fishermen had spent their week's money, and their wives and daughters, with blue or black petti-



QUEENSTOWN HARBOR



KINSALE, COUNTY CORK



coats draped from the heads cloakwise, and with baskets on their arms, were going in and out and comparing sixpences on the steps, getting a loan on their domestic effects. It is the old spider pawnbroker who keeps the town going—and slowly bleeds it to death. These hints must suffice; if they do not make you hunger for Kinsale, it is my fault and not the town's. Six days will pass there like six minutes.

Back we go to Cork, and take the little ferry steamer to Bristol. Stop on the end of the wharf to see the tide come boiling in over the glistening mudflats, and rise in a few hours to a height of forty feet; it is a marvellous spectacle. Then take the train for London; and drive in a hansom resolutely across that concentrated world from side to side, alight at Waterloo station and buy a ticket for Twickenham.

There seems to be nothing to it, at first, but a plain, unadorned English suburban town; it is twelve miles from London. At one end of the winding street of old shops there is a crabbed old church in a graveyard; if you continue on northward a few miles you will come to Richmond hill and town on the river, but the better way thither is along the Thames banks by the footpath. If you turn south from the old church you will presently arrive at the green, which spreads out in a sprawling triangle with houses on its borders; everywhere are the green English grass and trees, and many high brick walls to keep you from overlooking the estates of the inhabitants. Still farther the ancient settlement spreads out in side streets thinly built up, each house with its walled garden; and dwindling into meadows, with brooks overshadowed with verdure, where at night nightingales sing sweetly enough to call back the soul of Keats.

Turn southeast down the lane which will bring you into the road that leads back along the banks towards Richmond. But you will be long in getting so far as the gray bridge that arches the flood there; you have to pass Strawberry Hill, which Horace Walpole built, and Pope's Villa, looking at its white face in the stream. Here you see something of the beauty of the Thames, with its overdrooping trees, its velvet lawns down to the brink, its wherries and pleasure boats, and its canal-boats, too, drawn onwards leisurely by lazy horses followed by lounging men. Straw-

berry Hill will cost you a day at least; and next to it is Little Strawberry Hill—a mansion which you scarce can see from the street, so surrounded is it with foliage.

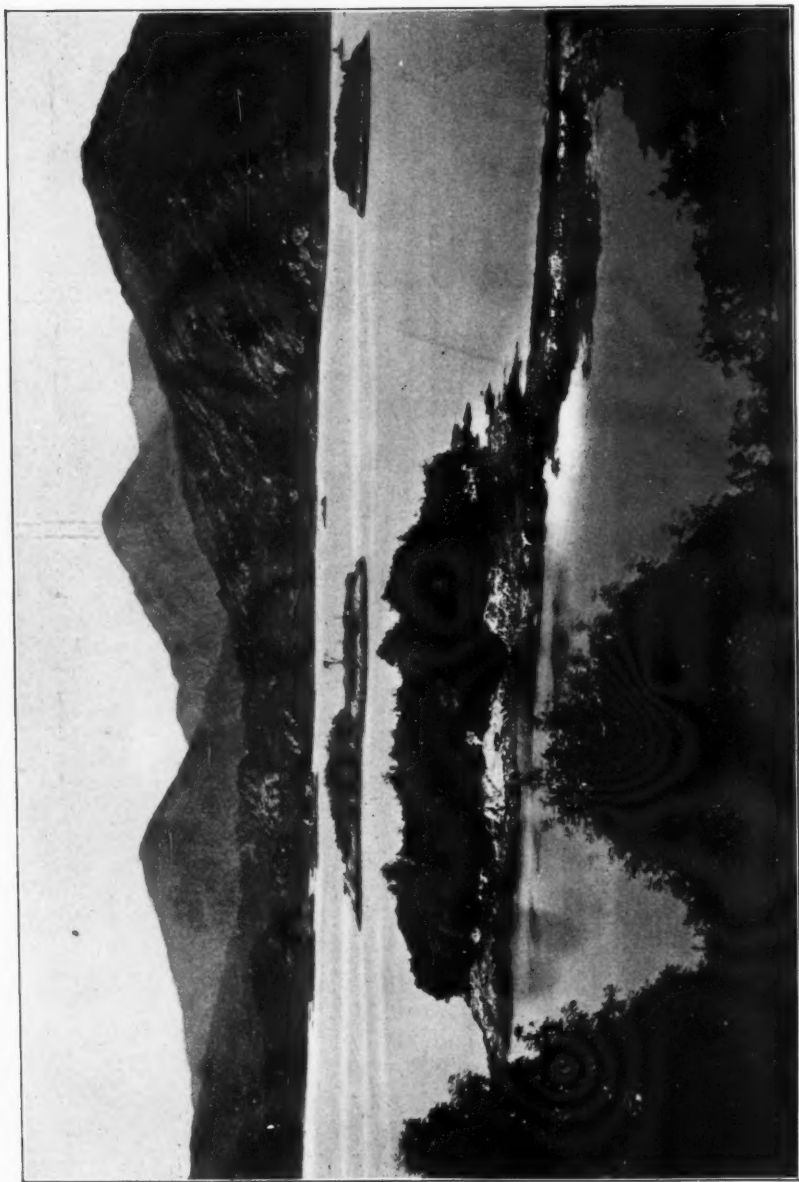
Push your way through, and find the wormeaten, stained, dilapidated old building, with a big tree growing right in the threshold; for it is haunted and no one lives in it; the story about the ghosts is delectable, and makes your flesh creep in broad daylight. Phantom horses sweep up, drawing a carriage whose wheels crunch over gravel now buried a foot deep beneath verdant turf; there comes a loud, ghostly knock at the door; then, after a pause, a woman's terrible shriek! Or face the other way, and travel up stream till you come to Hampton, and saunter down that magnificent avenue, with chestnuts and elms and limes four deep on either side, to Hampton Court Palace, with its broad, luxurious gardens and walled-in ponds, its mighty brick façade and its galleries of paintings. There are Nell Gwyn and the other beauties of Charles Second's harem, and there is the rosy Venus of Titian, dreaming a love-dream, clothed in beauty. Twickenham, with its green repose and memories of eighteenth and seventeenth century worthies, grows upon you; and you will be far less ready to leave it on the last day of your visit than you would have been on the first. That is the way with England.

From London docks we fare by steamer past London Bridge and the Tower, and Greenwich, over the narrow seas to the lazy and shallow Scheldt, and up between its flat banks to the multiform pinnacles and clustered gables of Antwerp. If you want storied medieval richness, it is here, eleven hundred years deep. On a clear day you may see that four-hundred-foot cathedral tower almost from the entrance into the sixty-mile trip up the river; it dominates the vast plain like a tall man in a level meadow. The first tall man who put up the original fisher-hut on this meadow arrived seven hundred years after Christ. Now where he fished is the greatest port of commerce of the Continent; and this church, which they began to build when Chaucer was twelve years old, and finished when Chastelard was nearly ready to be born and to fall in love with Mary Stuart and be hanged for it. Antwerp had, indeed, the time of its life in the sixteenth century—what with the

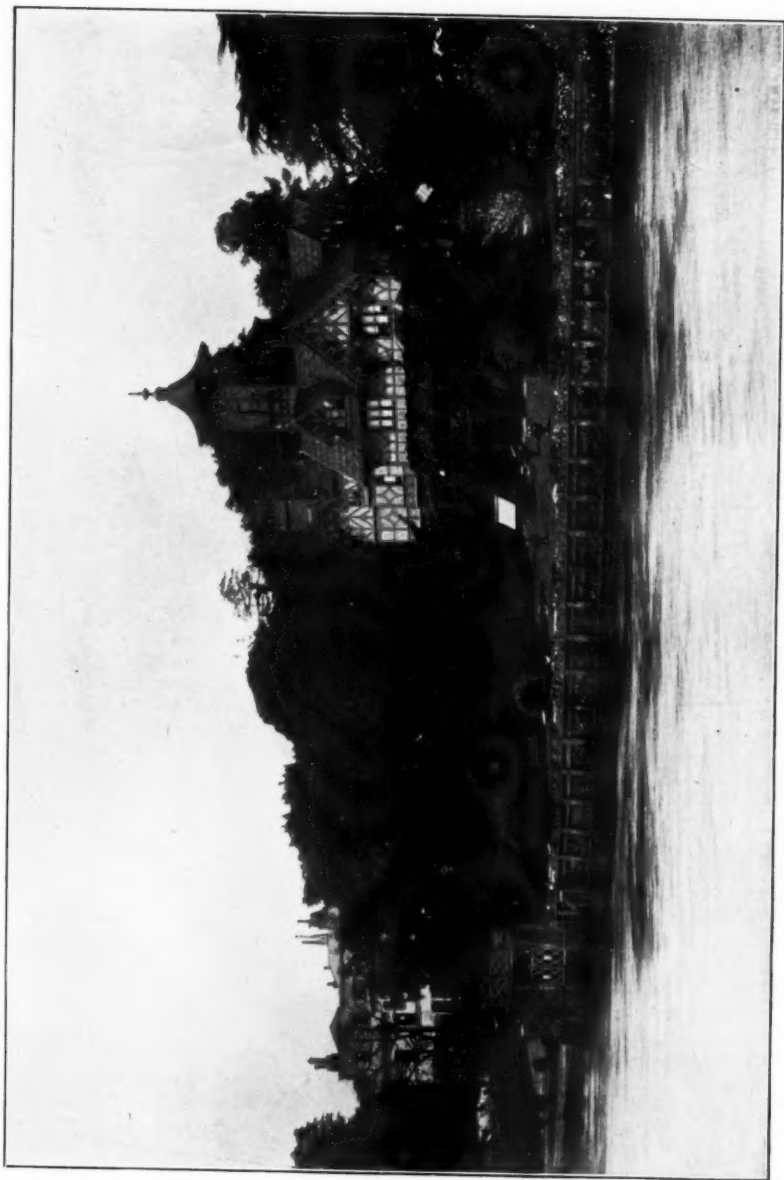




ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY



GLENGARIFF, IRELAND



POPE'S VILLA, AT TWICKENHAM ON THE THAMES

Spanish Inquisition, and the Spanish and French "Furies," and the siege by the Duke of Parma, and the incomparable printing establishment of Plantin, which is even now extant and on exhibition. As for the cathedral, I like it better than most of the others, it is so quiet and clear inside, and so resplendent with its four mighty Rubenses; and outside so unadorned and yet so satisfying to the spirit.

But the streets are what I love; there was never a more human town; the houses are like people crowding shoulder to shoulder to look at the crowd of folks passing and repassing between them—blinking out of their latticed eyes, under the conical foreheads. They stand as if deep-rooted, having grown up where they are through innumerable quaint ages. The shops are rich and shadowy and stuffed with irresistible merchandise; the most expensive cigars in Europe, two dollars apiece! The people—how easy-going, how friendly, like a great family; if you sit in the theatre of an evening, you will find yourself the only person there who does not know everybody else; they pass round boxes of sweetmeats in the parquet from one group to another, and talk across the house between acts.

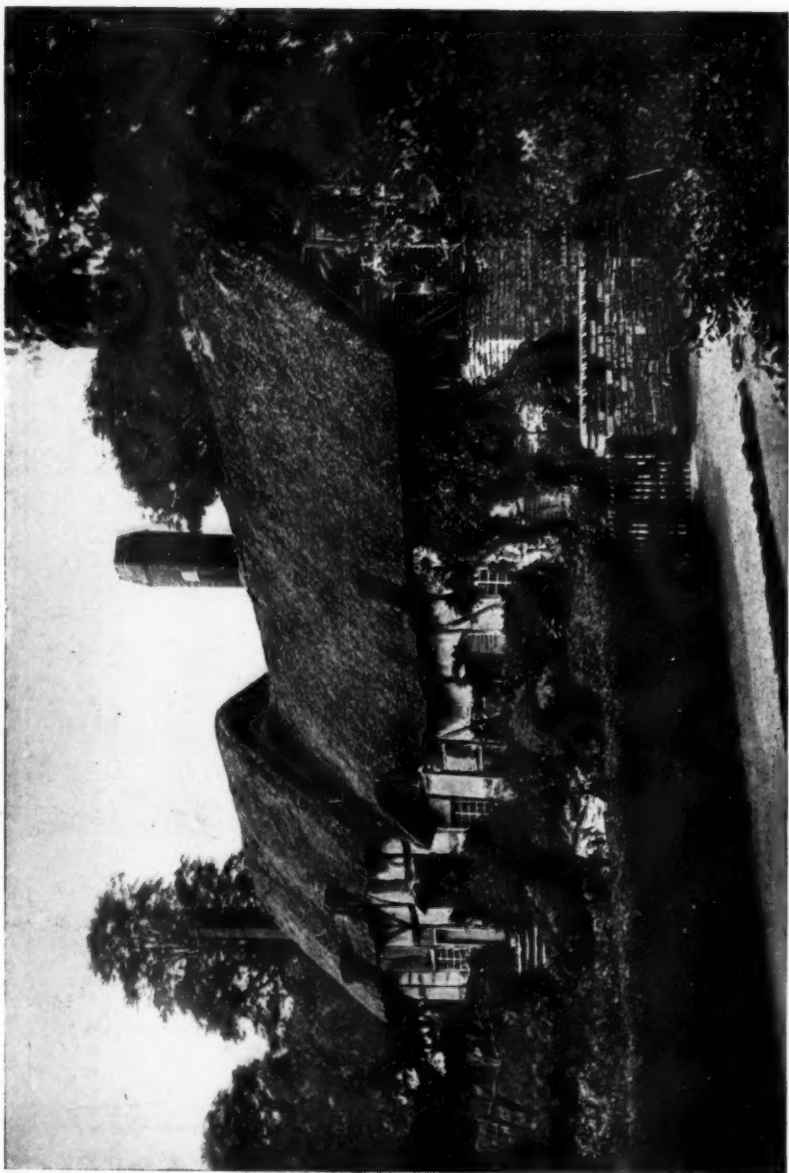
Or, go out on the quays, and see the ships of all nations lying there snug and safe after their perils and labors in remote seas; here they are at peace and at home, dis-tending their hollow maws with priceless bales. Once when I was here was carnival time; and as I sat at the window of my hotel I saw the weird, gorgeous pageant pass and repass, till it seemed to me that I had got lost out of the nineteenth century and was living in all the others at once; from the age of fairies and hobgoblins down to Louis Quatorze and the French Revolution. Oh, for another week in Antwerp! Happy traveler, I envy you!

But you, too, must leave it behind at last. Get into a train for Paris, but do not linger in the arms of that Circe; keep on, down through Normandy to Havre; there hire a seat in the diligence and drive twenty or thirty miles along the summit of the high chalk cliffs to the little village of Etretat, which was discovered only a few decades ago by a group of landscape painters, and is now, in the season, quite a lively little watering-place. If you are familiar with the seascapes of the past forty years you will recognize this scenery when you see it; the painters, having discovered it, could not

keep it out of their canvases; it seemed to have been put up and kept especially for them. There is nothing like it on any other part of the chalk coast, on this side or on England's. The bluffs rise vertically from two to three hundred feet; in some places, notably on either side of the gap in which the village stands, they *step out* extraordinary headlands into the sea, with arches under them, like the beginnings of inconceivable Gothic cathedrals; and isolated sugar-loafs rising up out of the waves.

Hereabouts was once a paradise of smugglers; and you may find, in your tramps along the shingly beaches, miraculous stairways tunneled out of the solid chalk, so that the ravishers with their booty could land at a place seemingly inaccessible, and just when the pursuers fancied they had them cornered would vanish in an instant into the solid earth. It will take you half an hour to clamber up one of those worn, winding ways; but when you are at the top you will sit down content; you see the cliffs recede to right and left like the front of a white-robed army, with their feet in the blue sea; and in the long summer evenings you will see the moon rise down the coast towards Fecamp, and get a new conception of the marvel of that phenomenon; the satellite seems to hang poised close at hand, and as it ascends to be advancing towards you robed in mellow glories. The red gold of the sunset mingles with the silver flood cast by Diana, and the cliffs turn to precious metals.

From this solemn solitude you return to the village, and in the forenoon you go with the rest of the population for your sea-dip. Hundreds of people are looking on from the seats just above the steep beach, all brightly clad, with parasols and all manner of French smartness; you get into your bathing dress in one of the tiny wooden huts on the left, drape over it a wide mantle, and stalk forth before the crowd. If you are a swimmer you drop the mantle at the foot of the diving-plank, run up the latter with a dashing air, and upset yourself over the far end; then outwards you swim in the laughing water; but go not too far, or you will be seized by the race of the tide beyond the headlands and carried down the coast—as the poet Swinburne once was, and was all but drowned. Beware, too, the days of heavy surf, for on these short, steep beaches the power of the breaking and withdrawing



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE



A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD, LONDON



wave is terrible; it will snap a man's spine if it catches him right; and once beyond it it is no easy matter to fight your way ashore again. But ordinarily, though cool, the bathing is ideal; and for the incompetent, there are the smiling Norman bathing-man and boats hovering close at hand. In the afternoon, if you are too languid for a long walk, go to the casino and play *Les petits Chevaux*; or ascend by slow degrees to the little chapel on the high bank east of the town, and look down upon its variegated prettiness. There is no hotel, or was not in my time; you live in let rooms or in let houses, as the case may be—delightful, old-fashioned rooms, full of characteristic Norman furniture.

These are picturesque enough, until you see the huts upon the beach. They are of the genus described by Dickens in *David Copperfield*—old fishing boats turned upside down, with a little chimney sticking up through the keel, and a door through the stern. Their roofs—that is, their bottoms—are overgrown with moss, and there are flowers in the tiny porthole windows; old Nereus might find himself at home in one of them. At their doors squat old, toothless, Norman fishermen, mending their nets. In the evenings, when you are not abroad for the moonrise, you drift into the casino again, this time to the dancing hall, which is banked up with seats all round; and French couples circulate earnestly over the floor, to the music of a good band. They do not dance as we do in New York and Philadelphia; and when an American couple step out for a turn there is a murmur of interest, and they study us as if we were a new species of mortal. But if one of our young fellows once gets a French woman for a partner, she never thereafter cares for the French style—only America for her!

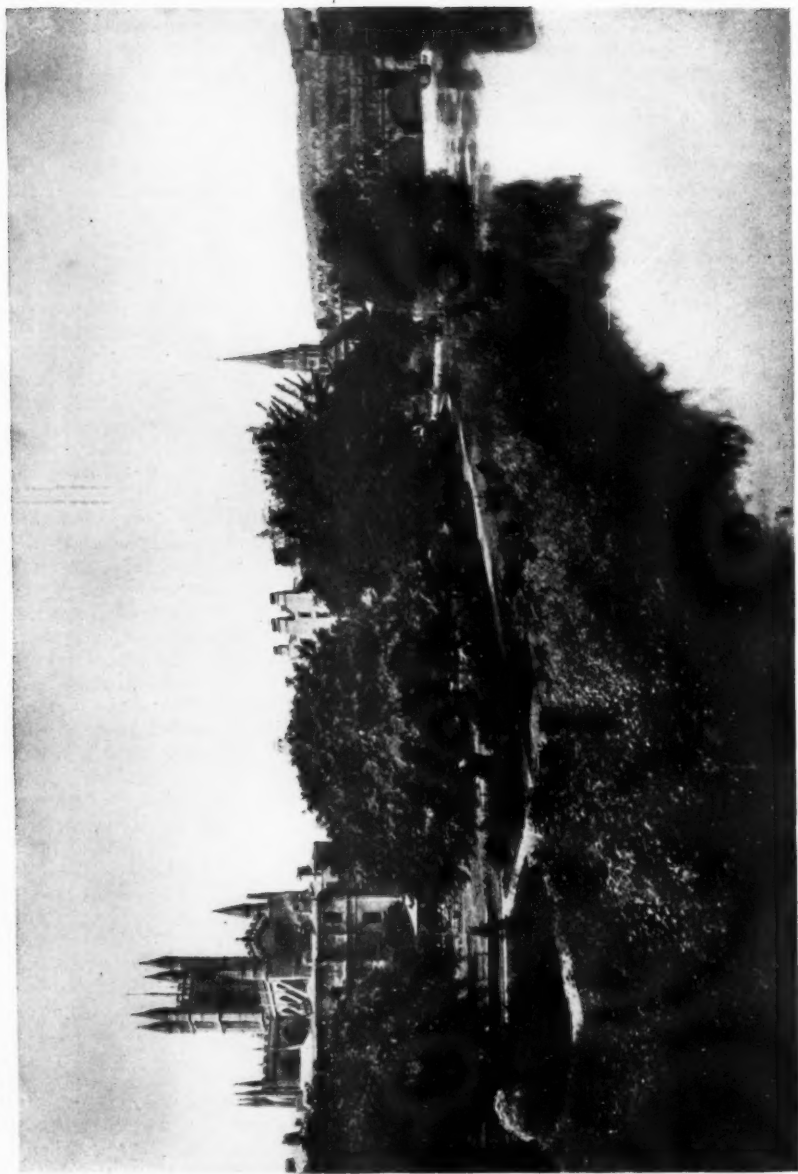
Strengthened and exhilarated by your week here, you return in the diligence to Havre, and thence take ship to Gibraltar. You are now facing homewards, though it does not seem so. If the weather be anyway fine, you will greatly enjoy the voyage past the Channel Islands, and the far-reaching capes of Brittany, and round Cape Finisterre, and so in the track of the P. and O. steamers down the beautiful coast of Portugal, with the powerful heave of the Bay of Biscay rolling in under your keel. Let us hope you hit clear weather; for this coast, upon which John of Portugal looked out in days when Cape

Finisterre had only just ceased to be in fact as well as in name the end of the known world, fills the heart with an elixir of joy.

Its character is strongly in contrast with that of Normandy; comparatively low, dark walls of rock, against which the Biscay swell leaps in foam and thunder; startling rock-islands starting up sheer out of the blue, looking at a distance like the sails of giant ships; the bold headland of the Cabo de Roca; the inviting mouth of the Tagus, and the doubtful glimpse of gleaming white, miles inland, within its jaws; then on past far-venturing Cape St. Vincent, and round into the wide Gulf of Cadiz, past the outflow of the Guadalquivir, until the mighty pillars of Hercules appear, and, leaving Africa off your starboard beam, you creep in under the enormous, sensational battlements of Gibraltar. This is the finest little sea trip in the world but one; that one begins at the point where this leaves off, and proceeds from Gibraltar down the Mediterranean to Port Said; thence along the canal to the Red Sea, and so across the Indian Ocean to Bombay. But your six weeks will not admit any thought of this.

It is just possible to be impressed by the first glimpse of Gibraltar; but soon the recollection of the innumerable paltry and criminal uses to which it has been applied, in literature and in picture, crowds in to disenchant and belittle. It is hard to keep yourself to the thought of what must have been its effect on those who saw it first. It is a rock which conceals a town in one of its folds, and contains a fortress which is still formidable; it may, one day, look down upon and participate in the greatest sea fight that ever the world saw. And yet there seems to be something little about Gibraltar; so vast for a rock, it is not much for a mountain; and its mountainous form forces this fact on your attention. Moreover, its native majesty is insulted by the use which man has made of it; its appalling front is rendered contemptible by the degradation of cannon—pigmy cannon, poking their ridiculous little noses out of that stronghold of the early Titans!

I much prefer to stand upon Gibraltar and look across the strait towards Morocco, land of hidden treasure, mystery, and danger, and so lovely to the eye that it fairly makes the heart ache. And then turn towards the east, and sail on in imagination down the matchless, storied, imme-



BATH ABBEY

morial sea, with a coast on either hand which nature and man have combined to make the most-attractive on earth. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, the Arabs, the Carthaginians, the unknown progenitors of our race, the Gothic invaders and destroyers and rebuilders—all came from yonder. And nowhere in the world were they to find anything so beautiful as the inland sea and the lands that border on it. Well, for this time, we may gaze and then turn away; and stroll up and down the crooked little cleft which forms the street of Gibraltar town, and buy the mementoes and knick-nacks, and wander personally conducted through the hewn-out galleries in the body of the rock, if you care to; but a day at Gibraltar will be enough. And now the steamer is waiting to take us on the final lap of our six-weeks pilgrimage, across the wide Atlantic to the torrid Sea of the Caribs. Aboard for the old haunts of the buccaneers!

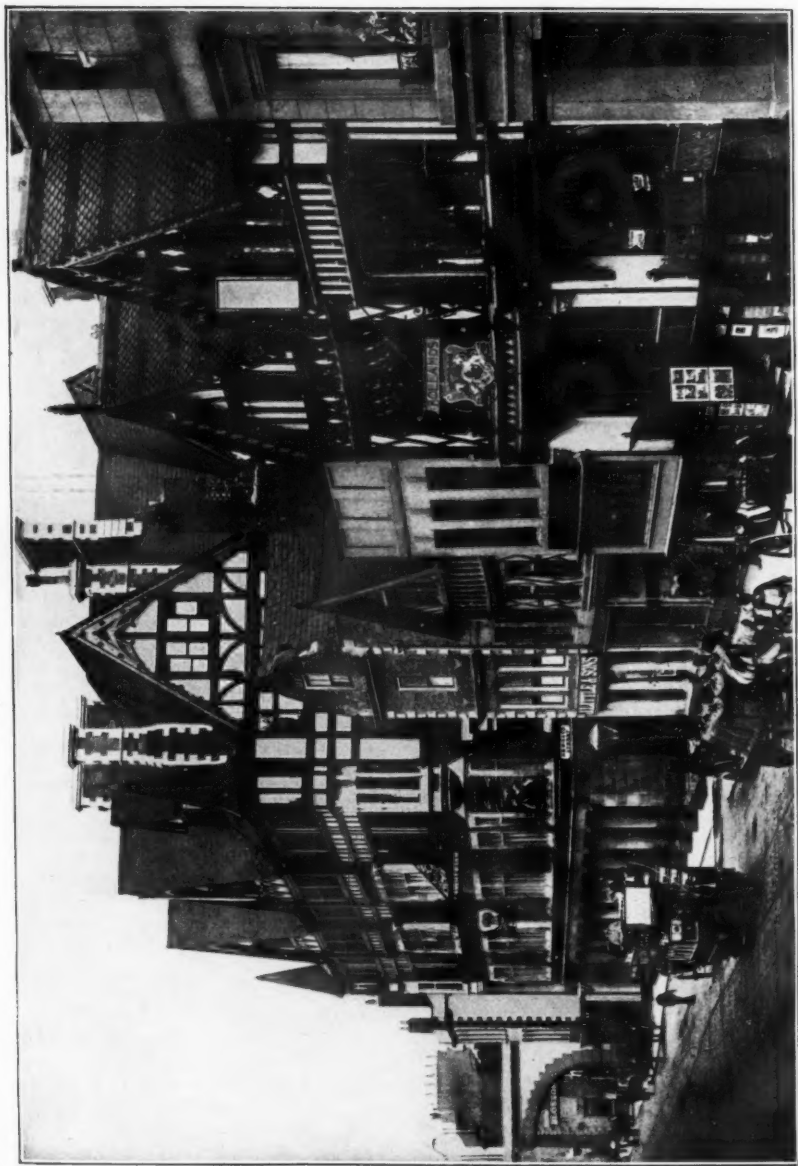
From Gibraltar to the Island of Jamaica is about as far, in an air line, as from Southampton to New York; and if we take in by the way Madeira, and the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, somewhat farther. In any case we may settle ourselves for something like a voyage, and review in our minds the things we have seen during the past month or more. But at length, one warm mornning, we catch our first glimpse of those verdurous acclivities rising out of the azure; we stand on the deck in our pajamas and look at them. Earthly paradises they appear; and yet ever since Columbus rejoiced to see them loom upon his western horizon, they have been more or less accursed. They might be paradises once more, if only they could be lost to the present race of men for a hundred years.

But we will be optimistic, and take the sweet and leave the bitter. Jamaica from the sea is the loveliest of the islands; the mountains on the east rise to their greatest height and plunge downward in shaggy precipices; their summits are blue, but wooded to the utmost peak. No glacier age has ever laid its touch on these ardent abodes of the palm and the silk-cotton. As we run closer to the coast its beauty appears as great in detail as it was in the mass; little white-walled villas gleam amidst the deep green foliage along the shore, or rest on breathless heights far aloft. As we

round the point of land and enter Kingston Bay the translucency of the water becomes apparent; and you may see the stony outlines of the engulfed Port Royal far down yonder in their everlasting peace, after their season of life and blood and splendor; and probably we shall be attended up the bay by a huge, white shark, thirty feet long, stealing silently and imperceptibly on one side of our wake, ready to swallow whatever may happen to go overboard—the contents of the cook's swill-bucket, or you or me, as the case may be. The heat as we pass into the harbor becomes sweltering; and yet we shall not find Jamaica as hot as it was in Philadelphia summer before last. Go south in summer and north in winter if you would be comfortable, said a wise man.

The wharf as we warp up to it is crowded with black faces, mostly of women, for they do most of the hard labor in Jamaica; they built the railroad, and they unload the ships, and carry in the coal. A few white men appear among them, with pith helmets or wide-brimmed panamas; open carriages are waiting farther up to carry us to a hotel built round an open court, with palm and orange trees and green jalousies; and we may here take our first taste of the mango and the alligator pear. We shall do well not to linger in the stifling old town, but get out and up the hills to some secluded, tree-embowered "pen," as the country seats are called, with a view from its wide veranda over the great Kingston plain. Imagination can hardly picture anything so enchanting to the senses as that long, upward climb, with the torrent on one side in its headlong abyss of rock and foliage, and on the other side the tremendous leap aloft of the mountain side. Three things strike out at us—the steepness of the slopes, the fury of the vegetation, and the excellence of the gleaming white roads.

The atmosphere has a softness unknown in any other part of the world, the air a clearness which makes the stars at night seem to hang at different distances above us, and the light of the moon to suffice for the reading of a newspaper. At night, too, the valleys are full of fireflies as big as stag-beetles, and bright enough to serve as torches; in the morning you are awakened by the buzz of humming-birds at your window, diving into the red trumpet-



EASTGATE STREET, CHESTER



GIBRALTAR

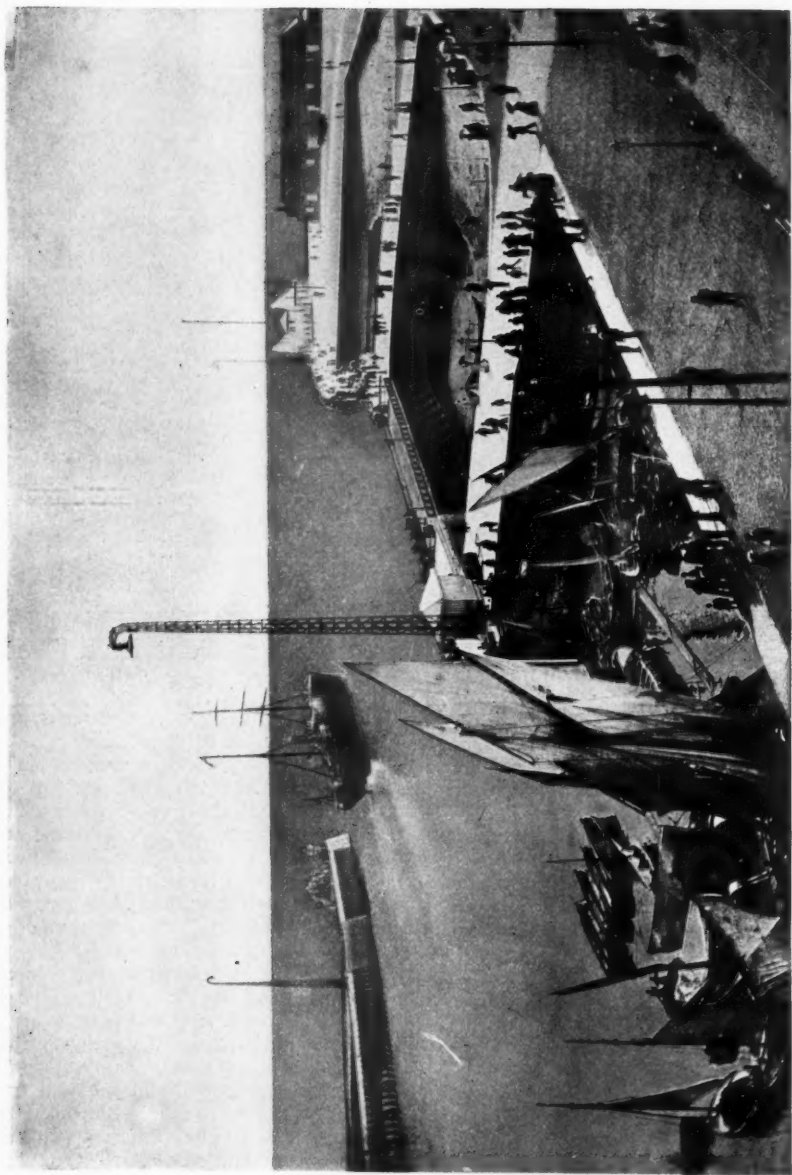
flowers. You buy oranges at ten cents a hundred, such as give you an entirely new idea of the possibilities of fruit. Every sense is caressed and indulged to the full; ever and anon you close your eyes and try to forget the charm for a moment—you feel that it is almost too much for humanity. But the impression which goes deepest and lasts longest is, I think, that made by the marvelous tropical vegetation of this island; it is no exaggeration to say that six leaves grow in Jamaica where one is found with us, and the rapidity and vigor of growth almost appall you. As for the drawbacks to Eden, I will leave you to discover them for yourself; I part from you here. In the Millennium I will come back, and stay!

*Duncan Stewart*

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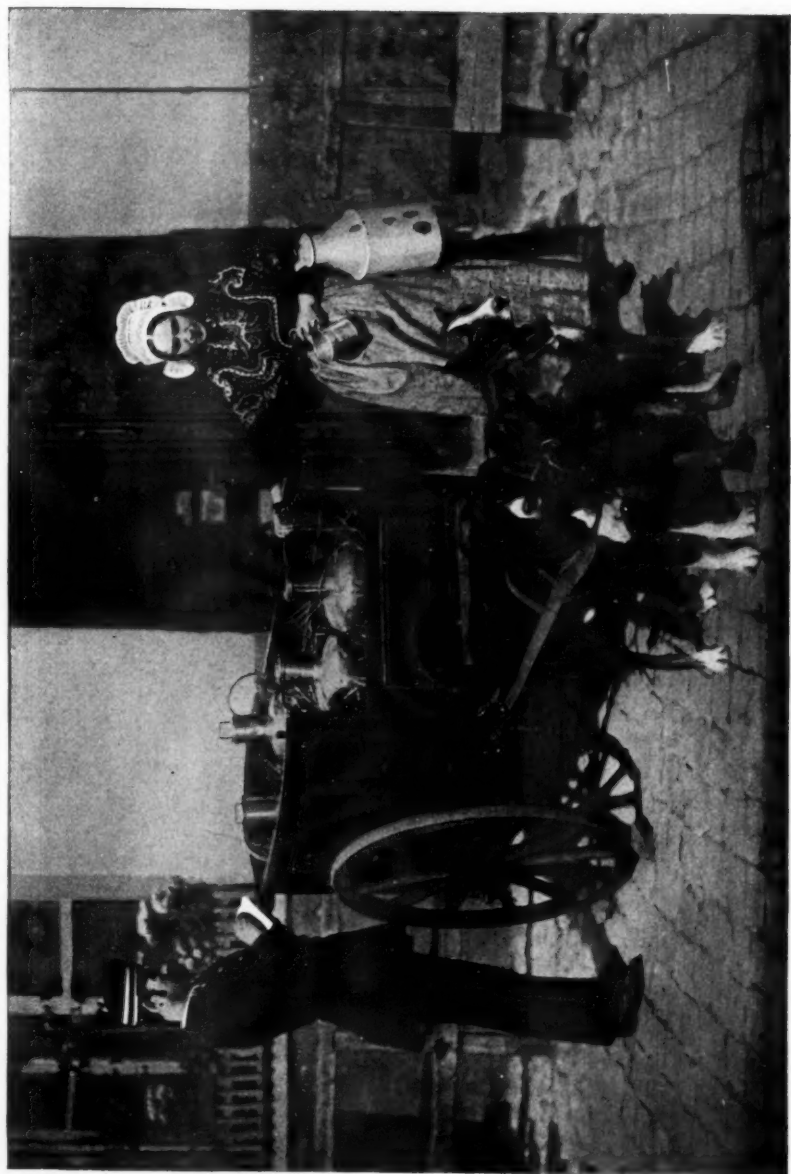
### Some Suggestions for a First European Trip

If one's time is limited to six weeks, and one wants to make the most of it, I would suggest seeing some of the famous small places of England and working up to London and Paris as a grand climax. If you land at Liverpool shake its dust from your heels at the earliest possible moment and board the train for Chester—quaintest of towns. Stroll a bit through the streets near your hotel if you have time, then dine as you never dined before and be happy. Everything will be new to you; the huge joints of beef and mutton wheeled to your place that you may point out your favorite cut, the potatoes boiled to melting, the broad beans—a new dish to you,—the long salad leaves that you dip in salt and eat with the cheddar, the deep-dish pie, or gooseberry fool, if it be in season. It will all taste so good and so un-American, particularly the bread, which is rather heavy and ugly-looking as compared with our own, which after all is French and not our



ENTRANCE TO HAVRE





A FLEMISH MILKWOMAN



THE GREAT CLOCK, ROUEN

own. But you will get to liking it before you leave England. You will like it best of all when cut thin and spread with fresh butter, unsalted I mean, and eaten with your tea. Don't waste your time in bed, but be up with the lark and walk around Chester on the walls, stopping to smell the hawthorn blossoms and to gaze over the English meadows, so much greener than ours that you would know that you were not in America if only by that greenness. Your delight in Chester will be exquisite, for it will be your first sight of an old English town. With the picturesque architecture, the houses with their timbered gables, its arcades, its antique furniture—some of it, I regret to say, made while you wait—it is all as you dreamed it would be.

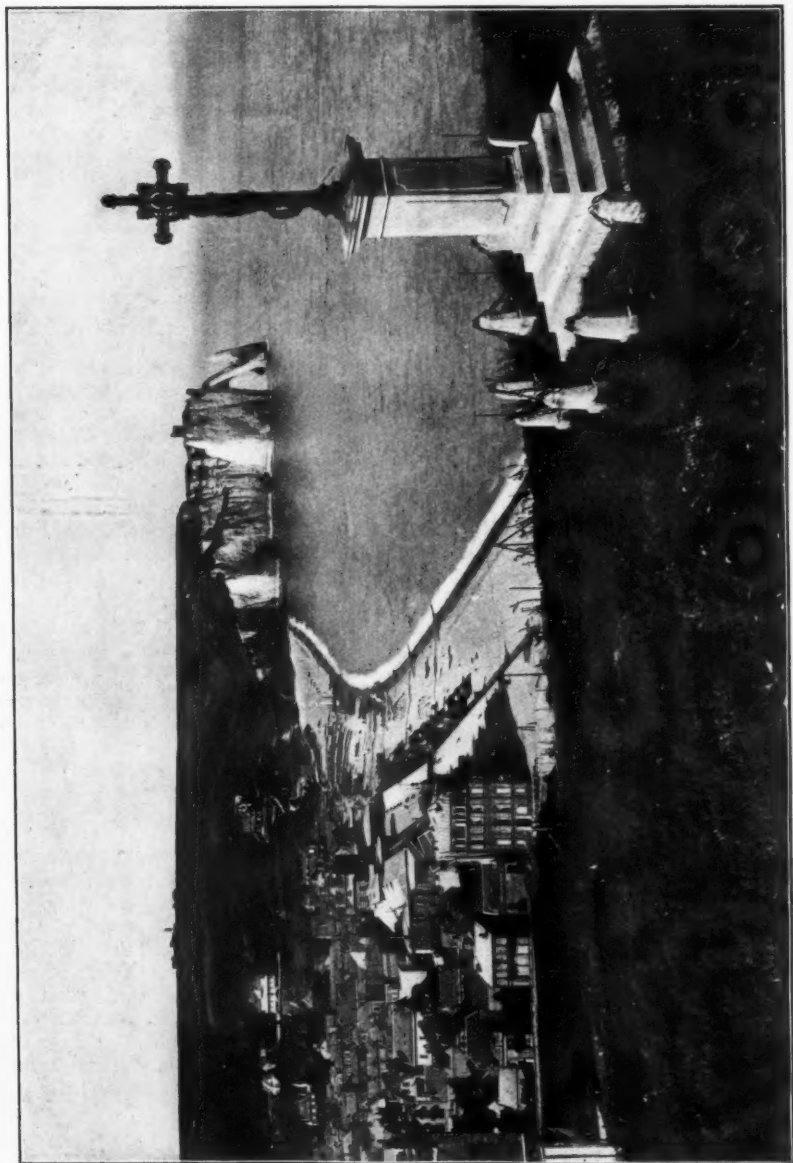
From Chester press on to Leamington, and make that your headquarters for drives or bicycle rides to Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, Warwick, and Broadway in Gloucestershire; and here too a week will cover a multitude of memorable scenes and sights. That is at once the fascination and the irritation of England—the historic places rise up before one and seem to say, just a little farther here, just a step this way!

After you have saturated yourself with the history and the beauty of these places, take the train for Oxford. It will probably not be term time, but if you do not see men in cap and gown you will see them in flannels. Oxford will give you one of your greatest sensations. It is the oldest-looking city in England and brimful of memories. The blackened façades of the colleges look as though each student as he passed from under the portals had turned back and dashed a bottle of ink upon its walls. One of the most impressive occasions of my life was wandering through the quadrangles of Magdalen College one summer evening three or four years ago. It was not my first visit to this famous seat of learning, but there was something in the long twilight of this particular evening, the ivy-covered towers, the silence, the memories, that made a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

From Oxford it is not more than an hour by rail "up" to London, and you arrive in this greatest city of the world with a mind prepared. Avoid guides as you would avoid the plague. When you go to Westminster Abbey or the Tower of London, drop in as a Londoner might. Stroll

through the parks, sit in the courtyard of the Temple, lunch at old restaurants, wander through picture galleries, gaze in at shop windows, ride on "bus" tops, and live the life of the native. Ride in penny 'busses, in penny boats, but don't ride in tramcars unless you wish to lose all the patience you may possess. Perhaps you will never have occasion to. There are not many of them, fortunately. Do not confine your walks to Bond Street and Piccadilly, and your driving to Hyde Park, but explore side streets and blind alleys, first inquiring as to their safety. If you are out on some occasion when there is a crowd, have a care how you elbow your way into it. A London crowd is a thing to avoid; but if you are unfortunate enough to get wedged into one, faint, then you are sure to be carried out and taken to a place of safety. Do not miss a Lord Mayor's show, and if you can see the King on some state occasion you will be repaid for your trouble. The red and gold coaches, the outriders, the postillions, take you back to fairyland, and you involuntarily look about you for Cinderella and Prince Charming. Of course you will acquire the tea habit while you are in England, but you will cast it aside when you return to America, if you are wise. There is something in the climate of England that calls for tea at five o'clock, and the call is loud, for every one hears it and no one, from the girl in the shop to the minister of state, turns a deaf ear to the welcome sound. If you can possibly do so have tea on the terrace of the House of Parliament—tea and strawberries, if they be in season. You will never forget the sensation of sipping tea to the accompaniment of Big Ben's deep-toned clanging, with members of Parliament and handsome women in their smartest gowns around you, the Thames at your feet, and St. Thomas's Hospital in the distance. There is never a day, never an hour spent in London that has not its own peculiar interest. The longer you stay there the more its greatness will be borne in upon you. For solid, never-ending delight London is the city of the world.

For the last fortnight, go from London to Paris or else to Versailles. Versailles is so near Paris—not more than thirty-five minutes by the "direct" trains—that there is nothing in the famous capital that one may not see as readily by living there as in



ETRETAT, FRANCE



TOWER OF JOAN OF ARC, ROUEN



THE MADELEINE AND RUE ROYALE

the city itself, while the palaces, the Trianon, the parks, are a never-ending source of delight. But they are not all. There are gardens and libraries and markets and bric-a-brac shops that could keep one fully occupied without leaving the city, for Versailles is no small town. It is a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants. The historic associations of the place are thrilling, and in no way can one become so well saturated with them as by living in their very midst. Not only are there the palaces and parks to wander through, but there is the canal to row on, and one who has not wandered about the palaces and through the gardens by moonlight has no conception of their beauty.

I took a friend to Paris once for three days. She had never been there before and she did not know when she might go again, and she had only three days.

"What can I see in three days?" said she; "it is hardly worth while going."

"You will see more in three days than you will forget in thirty years, if you leave it to me," said I.

We went, and I fully proved my case. The first night we went to the Theatre

Français, the second to another theatre, and the third we gave to a dinner party. Instead of trying to see all the pictures in the Louvre, I took her to see my favorites among the Titians, Velasquez, and Murillos. We did not waste time in looking at miles and miles of "stone gals," but worshipped at the shrines of the Venus of Milo and the Winged Victory. We gazed with awe into Napoleon's tomb and let the little old man at the door of Notre Dame swish us with holy water. We lounged along the quays and bought old books for twice their value; we walked in the shadow of the walls of the Sorbonne. We drove in the Bois, and we lunched and dined at restaurants that the tourist knows not of. At the end of the third day we went back to London.

"Was it not worth while to have spent three days in Paris?" I asked.

"I feel equal to writing a book on the manners and customs of the Parisians," was the reply.

*Joannette Z. Keller*





*Photograph by McMichael and Gro*

JEANNETTE L. GILDER

## Down the Loire and Around the Swiss Border

In planning nowadays practically any trip in Central Europe, the most desirable thing to do is, of course, to ascertain the proper season—and then to carefully avoid it. To journey by the rule of "don't" over the most travel-worn region is often to experience the egoistically exquisite joy of the explorer.

More often than not, however, it is impossible to choose one's time, and to let the ubiquity of the tourist prevent one's worshipping at the snowy altar of some great mountain peak would be not short of imbecility. We are rather apt to look upon curiosity, if not as one of the seven deadly sins, at least as a lamentable and too suggestive quality. Yet, after all, the "I want to see" is the basis of all travel, differing only in degree from a mere tripper's



inquisitiveness to a longing which involves all one's highest aspirations.

A European trip of six weeks is not so easy to plan or apportion, but here is a suggestion—a glimpse of France, a pause under the great White Mountain, a détour to Zermatt, a glance in fleeting at the Italian Lakes, and an ascent to the clear-aided Engadine.

Of the many Americans who go to Paris how few go to France! No bit of country within easy reach of that cosmopolitan capital combines so much that is typically French, and is so full of picturesque and historic interest, as the Valley of the Loire. Castles innumerable, built for war and turmoil, built for peace and domesticity, built for retreat and royal loves; a soft, all-glorifying atmosphere, outstretch-

ing gray-green fields, white roads bordered spire-high with the green of stately poplars, and through it all the broad Loire, which you meet at unexpected places, leave, and return to. If you are fortunate enough to go in the spring time you will see the delicate blooms of the wistaria massed against the soft gray of almost every cottage—a harmony of color. You will not grudge the ten days spent here, even with all Switzerland waiting.

## PARIS

Pitch your tent first at Blois. There, of course, you plunge into the past, for Blois itself is of hoary age. The celebrated château, with its Francis I. wing of marvellous Renaissance purity and beauty, anyone blessed with the tiniest scrap of imagination feels peopled with illustrious representatives of the Valois and the

Bourbon race.

Kings by the grace of God, *debonair* or sullen, bold or crafty, weak or cruel, and all pleasure-loving, gay courtiers and ladies fair—a brilliant if not a goodly company—come tripping down the famous lace-like open stairway of the courtyard to the hunt. Inside, Blois is blood-stained. Hardly is there a murder more conspicuous and more dramatic in history than the cowardly killing of the Duc de Guise in the royal rooms while Henry III. waited and monks prayed. The same deed was done the same day by the same royal command—in less flagrant and less picturesque style—for the Cardinal de Guise in the castle dungeon.

Towered, turreted, and pinnacled Chambord, that fantastic monumental *épanouissement* of the Renaissance, is only a short drive from Blois. "An epitome of what human industry can do," Charles V. said of it. Owing partly to the frugal and primitive custom that royalty had in the olden days of carrying furniture from one residence to another, and partly to Revolutionary devastation, the four hundred rooms of Chambord are quite bare. But the mysterious double spiral staircase which extends straight up in the center of the building from the ground floor to the middle lantern and permits two people to go up or down at the same time unknown to each other is fascination enough. Returning to Blois by way of that "light, sweet mansion," the Château de Cheverny, and the hunting lodge of Beauregard, you will probably find, on taking an inventory, that you have already lost all except the reserved portions of your heart to the Châteaux and the Valley of the Loire.

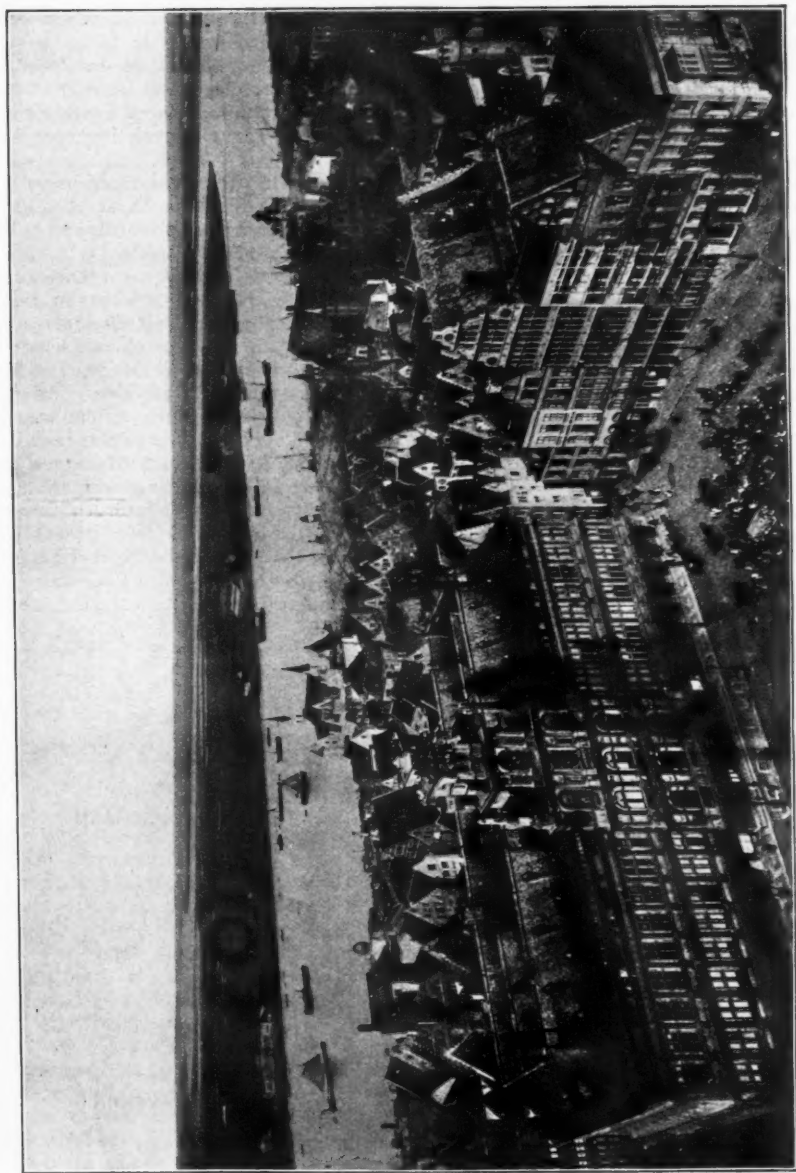
Of course, one can take the train to Amboise, but do not do it—never, if you can possibly avoid it, take the train in the "Garden of France." Drive leisurely along the Loire to feudal Chaumont overhanging it, from whence there is a glorious

Turner-like vista of light and space and river, and on to Amboise. There the imposing castle crowns both river and town. Looking off from its battlements you are not surprised that Mary, Queen of Scots, thought France so fair. In the charming castle chapel, so far from his home, Leonardo da Vinci lies buried, and the massive round towers contain spiral incline stairways up which it is perfectly possible to drive.

Tours, with manifold interests of its own, the Cathedral, the house of Balzac, is primarily the hub of a wheel, and at the end of each spoke is a castle.

The château that one covets most of all—it is impossible not to covet in Touraine—is Chenonceaux. It was coveted in earlier days by no less than Diane de Poitiers and Catherine de Médicis, and on the King's death Catherine promptly turned the favorite out. Chenonceaux, built in and over the river Cher, seems in its small and delicate grace to suggest the fair Diane, in the uncanny sensation of the water swirling underneath it the gloomy Médicis, and indeed it was she who built the extensive wing that extends entirely across the stream. Then there are phantom-like Azay-le-Rideau, the three





PANORAMIC VIEW OF ANTWERP

castles in one of historic Chinon, Balzac's Langeais, the walled and moated castle of picturesque Loches, and others.

There are two things to be recalled in travelling in Switzerland. You cannot plan your journeyings on hard and fast lines, for you are hopelessly a slave—of the weather. If you intend to spend four days in a place and it rains three, your schedule must be elastic enough to stretch in proportion. A fourteen-hour diligence drive in a pouring rain, when the only view is of the buttresses of the road, savors more of a purgatorial penance than summering in Switzerland. The other is that the guidance of Baedeker may be implicitly confided in *except* as to distances to be traversed on foot. Baedeker is an unscrupulously fast walker, and some of us (I, for one) prefer to go slowly—uphill. If Baedeker intimates it is a little jaunt of from two to three hours, make it five; if he says three or four, take your lunch.

It is a far reach from the Touraine châteaux to Geneva, but not a hard one. Four or five days in Chamonix permit one to absorb a little of the valley's overshadowed loveliness. In driving from Chamonix by the newer route that runs along opposite the Tête Noire rather than by that more familiar and less attractive pass, the magnificent mass and points of the Aiguilles Rouges close up the valley behind you, the Eau Noire rushes along below you and beautiful views of the alps of the Valais open out before you until you descend to Vernayaz in the Valley of the Rhône.

Alas! a railway now runs to Zermatt and to the Gorner Grat. If you are fortunate enough to reach Zermatt in a drizzling rain with the clouds hanging just above your head and, while you are half petulantly chafing at the delay, they rift in front of the majestic peak you have come so far to see, close again, rift again, and then slowly gather themselves together and lift from the mountains all around, disclosing the immaculate beauty of the place, you will believe you have reached the very sanctuary of the Alps. It is the soft velvet green of the *Matten* and *Boden*, flecked by the weather-beaten brown of the cottages, against a background of rugged rocks and snowy peaks, that makes the most characteristic Swiss scene. How intricately and how pathetically the life of the peasant in the quiet valleys is bound

up with the life of nature no one who has not lived among them can realize. They are not good to look upon, but as honest, sturdy, God-fearing, hard-working, and, above all, patient men and women they command unqualified respect.

After a week in Zermatt our route leads us back to Visp (Viège) and to Brieg, and from thence by diligence in the early morning up the green valley that the Rhône comes down, past hamlets with slender, pointed spires and a sudden flare at the bottom like an inverted champagne glass, past the icy birthplace of the sunny Rhône, up, up in long zigzags, a treeless mountainside, dotted, if it is early summer, with richly colored wild flowers, to the Furka top where a magnificent view opens back over the Valais Alps and forward over those of the Oberland—then down to Andermatt and to Goeschenen.

The Italian Lakes in their grace and luminousness have the softening effect on the southern edge of Switzerland that the fringe has on the gentian—nothing else could so perfectly complete it. They are never more characteristic than in summer, yet with six weeks one may not linger for more than a peep.

The olive, fig tree, pomegranate, and myrtle, the warmth and light of the Italian Lakes are soon left behind in entering from Chiavenna the Val Bregaglia. It is one of the most fascinating drives in Switzerland, the drive up the narrow, rock-bound, picturesque Val Bregaglia, where the vegetation changes with every mile of the way, over the fir-covered slopes of the Maloja and into the Engadine, where, even should it be August, you might find snow. Once in the Engadine, stay there, at St. Moritz or Pontresina or the quieter places of Silvaplana or Campfer, until your time is up and you must perforce take the diligence to Chur and the fusty train to Paris. Explore it right and left; walk under the bluest sky, in the clearest air, amid the brightest wild flowers; take the diligence to the Lower Engadine; climb the Piz Languard. And when you come to leave this valley where mountain after mountain is mirrored in lake after lake and an altitude of six thousand feet creates such brilliant and peculiar beauty you will take with you inalienable treasures of memory.

Mary Bacon



RICHMOND TERRACE, LONDON





# IMMORTAL WOMAN NOVELISTS

## Jane Austen

It is more than eighty years since a little company of mourners gathered about an open grave in the north nave aisle of Winchester Cathedral on a morning in mid-July. The much loved sister and aunt whom they were about to leave within that sanctuary, the resting place of kings and queens for nearly a thousand years, had been affectionately regarded by a large circle of relatives and acquaintances, while beyond that circle her name was familiar to only a few appreciative readers as that of a recently risen novelist. But at the age of forty-one she had passed out of life, and, as literary fashions then were, it might have seemed as if her name, so lately inscribed upon the roll of fame, would quickly fade from it when her small group of admirers should have followed her.

The nineteenth century was still comparatively young when Jane Austen died; the opening of the twentieth not only finds her name yet on fame's bead-roll, but outshining nearly all those of her contemporaries in her especial field; a name most assuredly to conjure with when literary values are being considered. Edition after edition of her works has appeared within the past two decades, her life has been written over and over again, critical studies of her writings are numerous, and her name is endeared to many thousands of readers in England and America. Nothing is more uncertain of fulfilment than literary prophecy, but if one may reason of the future from the slow but continuous growth of Miss Austen's reputation, it does not seem the part of rashness to predict that her fame is secure for at least another century.

Jane Austen, the youngest child but one of the Reverend George Austen, was born

December 16, 1775, at Steventon, Hampshire, England, a parish of which her father was then rector. Her childhood, though not especially eventful, was a happy one, and both then and in her later womanhood she mingled freely in the refined middle-class society to which by birth she belonged. When she was twenty-five the Austen family removed to Bath, already familiar to her through various visits there, and at her father's death, four years afterward, the family home was removed to Southampton. There Miss Austen remained four years with her mother and sister till, in 1809, they took up their abode in Chawton, a small Hampshire village, to be near Jane's brother Edward, who lived at the manor-house there. Save for occasional visits to relatives, the remainder of Miss Austen's life was passed at Chawton till a few weeks preceding her death, which occurred at Winchester, July 17, 1817.

Although somewhat circumscribed, her existence was far from monotonous, diversified as it was by frequent sojourns in London and elsewhere; but she appears never to have traveled two hundred miles from home in any direction, and of course she knew nothing of the Continent from personal observation. This seclusion seems to have satisfied her perfectly, however, and her outlook upon existence was as keen as it was good-natured. When she first felt moved to write she chose to describe the details of the life around her, none of which had escaped her quiet notice. Her art was the art of the realist, although nobody thought of calling it so till she had been in her grave for more than half a century; and it was as far as possible removed from the art of her own time.

Miss Austen never concerned herself



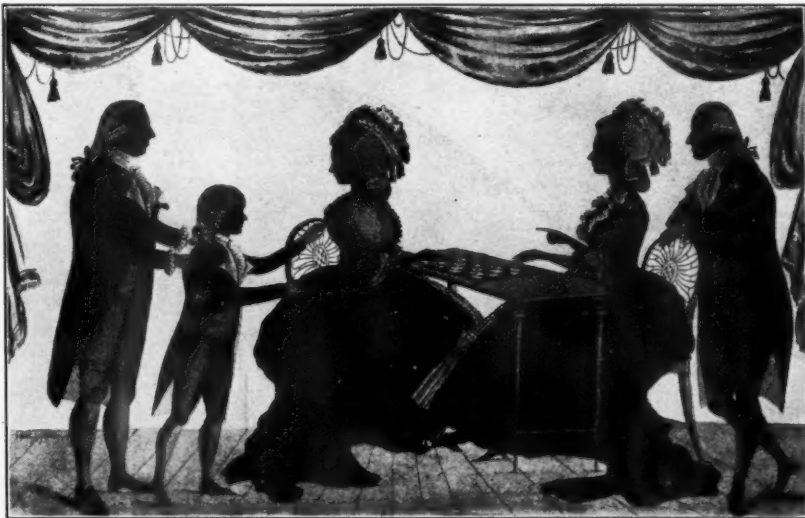
*From the Hollyer photograph after Linnel*

JANE AUSTEN

with descriptions of people and things beyond the range of her observation and experience. Accordingly, we do not find her attempting to depict the ultra-fashionable society of the period of the regency, to which she was personally a stranger. She wrote of clergymen—young men just in orders, or elderly rectors and vicars—because she knew many such; but of those in the higher walks of the clerical profession, archdeacons, deans, and bishops, she had nothing to tell us—they were out of her small world. She wrote of the navy

that some precise familiar locality was in her mind.

Miss Austen comprehended with the utmost thoroughness the controlling motives of persons in her own rank in life; and in her novels we may listen to the conversation of her men and women as she listened to the people around her, hearing the same accents and noting all the little tricks of manner as she would do. There they stand in her pages, the middle-class people of southern England as they looked and acted a century ago, all their excel-



*From Constance Hill's "Jane Austen"*

A CONTEMPORARY SILHOUETTE OF JANE AUSTEN'S FATHER AND BROTHER

with affection, for two of her brothers were sailors; but of the army she had less to say, for it had not been brought so nearly within the range of her sympathies. She did not essay descriptions of localities personally unfamiliar to her. She introduced many a faithful bit of description touching Bath, Portsmouth, or Lyme-Regis, because she knew those places intimately; and even when she did not bestow upon the scenes of her narratives the actual names to be found in the gazetteer, it is easy to perceive

lences and their small follies disclosed with the faithfulness of the photograph—but not with the occasional misleading hardness or over-accuracy of the photograph, for Jane Austen possessed what some of her successors in the field of realism have sometimes lacked—a sense of proportion; and faithfulness with her is never suffered to lapse into tediousness.

She understood, too, the nature of her limitations and the extent of her proper field. Accordingly we never find her

attempting tragedy in any form, for her talent, as she could not but be aware, lay all in the direction of comedy. In her six novels there is not a single death recorded, and there are few disasters that may be termed serious. She discussed no weighty problem of existence; she did not labor for the accomplishment of any especial reform. Her primary intention was the construction of a story, using such materials as lay nearest her hand.

That is not to say that she was altogether

that Miss Austen sought to describe, and we are not to go to her fiction for analysis of motive or for the tracing of the subtle influence of circumstance upon character development. Such matters were quite out of her range, but so perfectly has she painted the life of her contemporaries, as it presented itself to her shrewd yet not unkindly gaze, that no artist since her day, confessing similar limitations and using the same colors, has gone beyond or even equaled her.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

lacking in serious purpose. One cannot read *Mansfield Park*, for example, without perceiving that the author had certain very clear views as to the dangers resulting from an utterly worldly system of education; but the purpose remains undeclared. It is inherent in the construction of the narrative, but the story was not written to exploit a moral purpose. She had convictions, but her artistic sense was too strong to allow of her thrusting them upon the reader.

It was the superficial side of existence

The Austen gallery is a small one—only six completed canvases in all: *Sense and Sensibility*, published in 1811, but written more than ten years earlier; *Pride and Prejudice*, completed in 1797, and given to the world in 1813; *Mansfield Park*, appearing in 1814; *Emma*, written in 1816, and published in December of that year; *Persuasion*, completed in the summer of 1816, but not issued until 1818; and *Northanger Abbey*, written in 1798, but not appearing in print until 1818. In addition to these

is the study, as it may be termed, known as *Lady Susan*. This was always supposed by the Austen family to be an early production, though no date is assignable. It remained in manuscript until 1870, when it was published by Miss Austen's nephew and first biographer, the Reverend James Edward Austen-Leigh. An incomplete sketch by Miss Austen, to which her nephew gave the name of *The Watsons*, was given to the world by him at about the same time.

Lovers of Miss Austen's work are by no means agreed as to which of her novels should be assigned the first place in order of merit, and any decision must perforce be a matter of opinion rather than of criticism. *Emma* and *Pride and Prejudice* share about equally the favor of discerning readers, but each one of the four remaining books has its staunch advocates for the honor of being ranked first. Miss Austen's style, always admirable in point of clearness and finish, perhaps appears at its best in *Persuasion*, her latest work; but in construction this work falls below several of its predecessors.

To Miss Austen her characters became real personages, as we may see from reading her letters to her sister; and a slighting word in regard to any of them affected her as if uttered against one of her household. Anthony Trollope, who of all modern novelists came nearest to inheriting Jane Austen's peculiar shade of realism, confessed to the same feeling, and assures us that Barset was a real county, and the Proudis, the Grantlys, and the rest of those with whom he peopled the shire, were quite as real to him as the men and women of his London acquaintance. We turn to the pages of the Hampshire novelist if we would know precisely how Englishmen acted and conversed a century ago. A hundred years hence readers will turn to the novels of Trollope to learn what England was like in the middle of the nineteenth century.

"The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," Sir Thomas Browne reminds us. Long, long may it be ere that same iniquitous oblivion obscure the name and fame of that rare woman of genius, Jane Austen.

*Oscar Fay Adams*

## The Immortal Three

"It would hardly be safe," says Mr. Augustine Birrell, "to name Miss Austen, Miss Brontë, and George Eliot as the three greatest woman novelists the United Kingdom can boast; and were one to go on and say that the alphabetical order of their names is also the order of merit, it would be necessary to seek police protection, and yet surely it is so."

That "surely it is so" is delightfully characteristic of Mr. Birrell. He is the least bellicose, the least imperious of critics. He understands that people may possibly disagree with him. He does not quarrel with them when they do, or point out the puerility of their behavior. But his own mind is made up. He never seems to suffer from a doubt.

How far will the majority of readers—who are afflicted with many doubts—accept this particular verdict? Miss Austen's preëminence cannot, indeed, be reasonably denied. It is probable that no one would wish to deny it. Her novels stand alone in the world of English fiction, and are at once the wonder and delight of those who, as Sainte-Beuve admirably says, "are, from certain conditions of heart and mind, in a condition to yield themselves up to the pleasure which perfection in literary art can give." No one ever recognized more clearly than did Miss Austen the advantage of working within limits. No one ever accepted more frankly the narrowness of a chosen field. She was wont to compare her labor with that of the miniature painter, and the comparison is in some sort just. She built up her wonderful pictures with countless little strokes, each accurate, each necessary, each rightly placed. A delicate ruthlessness is her most striking characteristic. She knew humanity as few men or women have ever known it, and she described it without asperity and without mercy. She was incapable of taking a blundering step. The miracle of her genius forbade it.

It is easy then for Mr. Birrell to claim precedence for the author of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma*. It is easy for the almost idolatrous lovers of Jane Austen to say lightly to those who do not share their literary creed, "So much the worse for you!" But when it comes to discriminating between two great writers whose undeniable talents have been marred by



On reading in the Newspaper, the  
Marriage of "Mr. Gell of Eastbourne  
to Miss Gill." —

Of Eastbourne Mr Gell  
From being perfectly well  
Became dreadfully ill  
For the love of Miss Gill

So he said with some sighs  
"I'm the slave of your eyes  
Oh! restore if you please "  
By accepting my ease "

J. A.

FACSIMILE OF JANE AUSTEN'S HANDWRITING

strange blemishes and forced into crooked channels, the part of the critic becomes a harder one to play. He may have a preference for Charlotte Brontë or for George Eliot, and express it frankly; but an intelligent preference is not criticism—an honest opinion is not necessarily a valuable one. Personal bias counts for a great deal. Without it we should lack sympathy for any author. But it is a thing to be enjoyed and cherished, rather than trusted and offered as a beacon light for the guidance of other minds.

Mr. Birrell urges that the passionate sincerity of Miss Brontë's novels must always win for them a hearing as long as men and women live and love and suffer and rejoice; while much of George Eliot's work is so weighted with theories, so burdened with moralizing, as to be well-nigh unreadable. It passes out of the region of art into that of ethics. Her later stories are preached rather than told. "Abstract

the ethical interest from *Romola*," says Professor Dowden, "and there is a total collapse of design, characters, and incidents."

But one should not judge a novelist as one does a rope, by the weakest strands. *Romola* is an excellent historical sermon to which people listened with devout attention thirty-five years ago, but which has ceased now to enthral a congregation. It cost its author a world of trouble. "I was a young woman when I began it," she said, "and an old one when I finished." It has a tendency to age its readers also, and this may account for its obvious decline. We naturally prefer books that help to keep us young. But when we lay aside *Romola* and *Daniel Deronda*—an intolerable Jewish Grandison—and even *Middlemarch*, if need be, and take up the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, or that early masterpiece, *Silas Marner*, we see wherein George Eliot's greatness lies.



*Silas Marner* is a brief and very simple story, but it is also a perfect work of art, which is more than can be claimed for *Jane Eyre* or *Villette*.

Now nothing could be less agreeable, or less worth while, than an attempt to disparage Charlotte Brontë. She was—and is—a vital force in literature. She flung *Jane Eyre* as a firebrand into the world of books more than half a century ago, and it has gone on burning brightly ever since. Even in this day of doubt and superciliousness it gives no sign of smoldering into ashes. It is not a realistic novel; a petty fidelity to unimportant details was far from Miss Brontë's mind. It is unswervingly, relentlessly, significantly *real*. Its language is for the most part admirably adapted to the purpose in view—a strong, mobile style, quivering with passion, yet sternly repressed into efficiency. It has delighted thousands of readers, and will stir the hearts of thousands more. Time cannot kill a book so intensely alive; but that it has glaring faults no one will deny. It is crude in some parts, and frankly coarse in others. Occasional minor characters, like Blanche Ingram and her mother, are grotesquely puppet-like; and the whole story collapses fatally after the heroine's flight from Thornfield. *Jane Eyre* is a very great novel with very manifest shortcomings.

Even *Villette*, a much finer book and its author's crowning achievement, is

marred by an almost unpardonable mawkishness, and an absolutely unpardonable asperity. The passages about Graham's "firm marble chin" and "straight Greek features," at which poor Lucy dares not look lest the dazzling vision strike her blind, are calculated to make ordinary readers a little sick. The angry resentment which Miss Brontë never ceased to cherish against Belgians because they were not Britons, and against Roman Catholics because they were not Protestants, is very wearing to the spirit. Why should this uncompromising little Englishwoman have so hated and mistrusted every sentiment and every creed in which she had no share? The only thing that reconciles us to the harshness of *Villette* is M. Paul Emanuel, and he—fierce and adorable little foreigner—lives forever enthroned in our hearts. Beside him Rochester dwindles to a farthing dip.

When we compare these powerful and faulty novels—Miss Brontë's best work—with George Eliot's earlier stories, which are likewise *her* best work, we find it hard to accept lightly Mr. Birrell's summing up. *Silas Marner* is but mild reading after *Villette*; it cannot strike fire from a flint as does *Jane Eyre*; but it is a flawless little tale, admirably conceived, and still more admirably executed. It has humor, a quality which Charlotte Brontë never possessed and, it is to be feared, despised.

Your friend  
Charlotte Brontë

Yours sincerely  
Curran Bell

affectionately yours  
C.B. Nicholls

THREE SIGNATURES OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË



*From the drawing by Richmond*

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

It is one of those rarely satisfactory books that bring joy to the heart and peace to the soul. There is nothing to be omitted, nothing added, nothing changed. Its moral, if relentless, is inevitable—not merely lugged in to afford a text. Above all, it is written with a serenity of temper very nearly equal to Jane Austen's. George Eliot, though never passionately contentious like Charlotte Brontë, was much given in later life to fretting herself and her readers; *Silas Marner*, the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and one may safely add *The Mill on the Floss*, are guiltless of fault-finding and acerbity.

Nothing is stranger or more significant than the way fortune dealt with these three fine story-writers. How lavish with all her honors she was to one, how moderate to another, how niggardly to a third, and that third the greatest of the three. What was the matter with Jane Austen's contemporaries that they did not go wild with delight when her books appeared, instead of manifesting a sleepy unconcern for which one would like even now to shake them? They were quick to recognize the genius of Sir Walter Scott. They gave Miss Edgeworth her full meed of praise, and something over. What malign spell closed their eyes and ears to the supreme charm of novels infinitely superior to Miss Edgeworth's, and worthy to rank with Scott's?

*Pride and Prejudice* was thirteen long years finding a publisher. *Northanger Abbey* was first sold for the munificent sum of ten pounds; and its purchaser, never daring to print it, was delighted, some years later, to get his money back again. *Persuasion*, which many critics deem the most beautiful of all the stories, remained in manuscript until after Miss Austen's death. The earnings of her lifetime barely amounted to seven hundred pounds. A few fortunate souls—among them Sir Walter and the Prince Regent—understood her merits and were her thrice happy readers. The rest of the world—the English world—never awakened to her genius. The year after she died a timid biographer ventured to say that "some people are disposed to put her books beside those of Miss Burney and Miss Edgeworth," a sentiment which he plainly considered extravagant.

Dr. Whately merits our thanks for having been the first critic to win a hearing

when he roundly asserted the superlative excellence of *Emma* and *Mansfield Park*. He struck a note which has echoed ever since, increasing in volume and emphasis as the years roll by, until now language is exhausted in praise. New and beautiful editions of Miss Austen's novels follow each other in quick succession. All are eagerly bought and as eagerly read, for it seems impossible to own too many or to read them too often. At every fresh perusal our love and admiration grow with what they feed upon. The stories are a heritage of delight.

Charlotte Brontë's life was harder and sadder than Jane Austen's, but it was gilded by the sunshine of success. She met with profound discouragement, it is true, at the beginning of her career, but then she began wrong. She was no poet, yet she started out by writing and publishing verse—publishing it too, at her own expense, which is always a hazardous and pitiful experiment. She sent this verse to Southey, and he advised her very seriously, and very naturally, to let literature alone. Her first novel, *The Professor*, went a



ARTHUR BELL NICHOLLS

HUSBAND OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

dreary round and was everywhere rejected; but then *The Professor* is an almost unreadable book. It was returned for the last time the day her father was operated upon for cataract; and that night the indomitable little creature sat down in the sick room and began *Jane Eyre*. Such splendid courage is not wont to fail, and Miss Brontë had at last laid firm hold of her own power. *Jane Eyre* was immediately accepted, and published without delay. It needed no help from reviewers, and it got none. It made its way straight to the public, was received with unqualified if somewhat timorous delight, and has been read steadily ever since. Nothing could dispel the gloom which shadowed Charlotte Brontë's path; but modest fame and modest fortune were hers to enjoy. She did enjoy them, and was profoundly sensitive to anything like adverse criticism. Once, in a moment of unwisdom, she begged Miss Martineau to point out the defects in her work, a request with which the obliging lady complied so heartily when *Villette* was published that the authoress, outraged and indignant, informed her too candid friend that all intercourse between them must cease. She had not expected such robust truth-telling.

George Eliot was even more thinskinny; but then it was her happy and exceptional fate to be fed on praises. If ever there was a dissentient criticism, Mr. Lewes took good care she should not hear it. Only pleasant voices were permitted to reach her ear. And how pleasant they were!—Charles Reade's, for example, stoutly affirming that *Adam Bede* was "the finest thing since Shakespeare." Eight hundred pounds was the price asked and paid for four years' copyright—more than all Jane Austen's books yielded her in a lifetime. *Cornhill Magazine* paid, for only the serial rights of *Romola*, seven thousand pounds. The four-volume edition of *Middlemarch*—there was nothing cheaper—cost each purchaser two guineas; and sixteen thousand copies were sold in a year at that most preposterous and ruinous sum.

Serious people seem to have believed honestly that pulpit fiction was going to regenerate the world, and that "a chill but seemly halo of the Golden Age" was lighting up the pathway of man. George Eliot believed it, too. She stifled her delicious humor, turned from her simple

country folk (who will be loved until the end of time), and gravely announced herself an "esthetic teacher," as if poor, tired humanity were not over-taught already, without entering into her classes. Enthusiasm reached fever-heat during the last years of her life, and reaction followed swiftly upon her death. Mr. John Morley struck the first blow, and other critics followed his example. Mr. Henley flippantly asserted that all her women were "governesses in revolt," which certainly is not true. The publication of her dreary, self-conscious letters destroyed every vestige of illusion in the public mind. For the past twenty years George Eliot's star has waned. She has received less attention than is her due.

But time will readjust the scales. They are being more nicely balanced even now. Enthusiasm, as Mr. Froude wisely observes, is but a fire of straw. Neglect is but a passing cloud. Neither counts for anything in the long run. The "disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world" triumphs always in the end, and will assign to each of England's three great woman novelists her niche in the temple of fame.

Agnes Reppeley

## Emily Brontë and "Wuthering Heights"

It may possibly be considered as scarcely fair to characterize a writer of only one book as a great novelist, but after all the proof of the labor lies not in the quantity but in the quality. Perhaps, going even farther, it lies not so much in achievement as in promise. There seems little doubt that had Emily Brontë lived, and had her genius been somewhat toned and crystallized, she might have surpassed her great sister, Charlotte. There are certainly forces at work in *Wuthering Heights* beyond those in *Jane Eyre*, *The Professor*, *Villette*, and *Shirley*. While the book is offensive, even repulsive, it has the repulsiveness of power. Charlotte Brontë's books are unmistakably those of a woman—a woman fretting at and scorning the limitations of her sex and her day, yet in a



*From the etching by Rajon*

GEORGE ELIOT



measure yielding to them. But Emily Brontë fairly takes the bit between her teeth and overleaps the barriers, and yet with such an innocence of power and necessity as to make one lose sight of the unwontedness.

There is in *Wuthering Heights* the pitilessness of genius, not only toward the sensibilities of the reader but toward those of the writer. All that Emily Brontë is intent upon is the truth, the exactness of the equations of her characters, not the impression which they make upon her readers or herself. She handles brutality and coarseness as another woman would handle a painted fan. It is enough for her that the thing is so. It is not her business if it comes down like a sledge-hammer upon the nerves of her audience, or even if it casts reflections derogatory to herself.

She is an artist after the manner of the creator of the Laocoön. She uses the scalpel as unflinchingly as the brush. She displays naked nerve and muscle unshrinkingly, and has no thought for graceful curves of flesh to conceal them. Had she lived longer she might have become equally acquainted with the truth and power of grace; she might have widened her audience; she might have attracted, instead of repelled; but she could not have written a greater book, as far as the abstract quality of greatness goes. *Wuthering Heights* from first to last is an unflinching masterpiece. There is evident no quiver of feminine nerves in the mind or hand. The utter fearlessness of the witness of the truth is upon her. She hedges at nothing. She has no thought for her womanly frills. She clears walls at a bound. She mixes her colors not to please and allure, but because of the facts of creation.

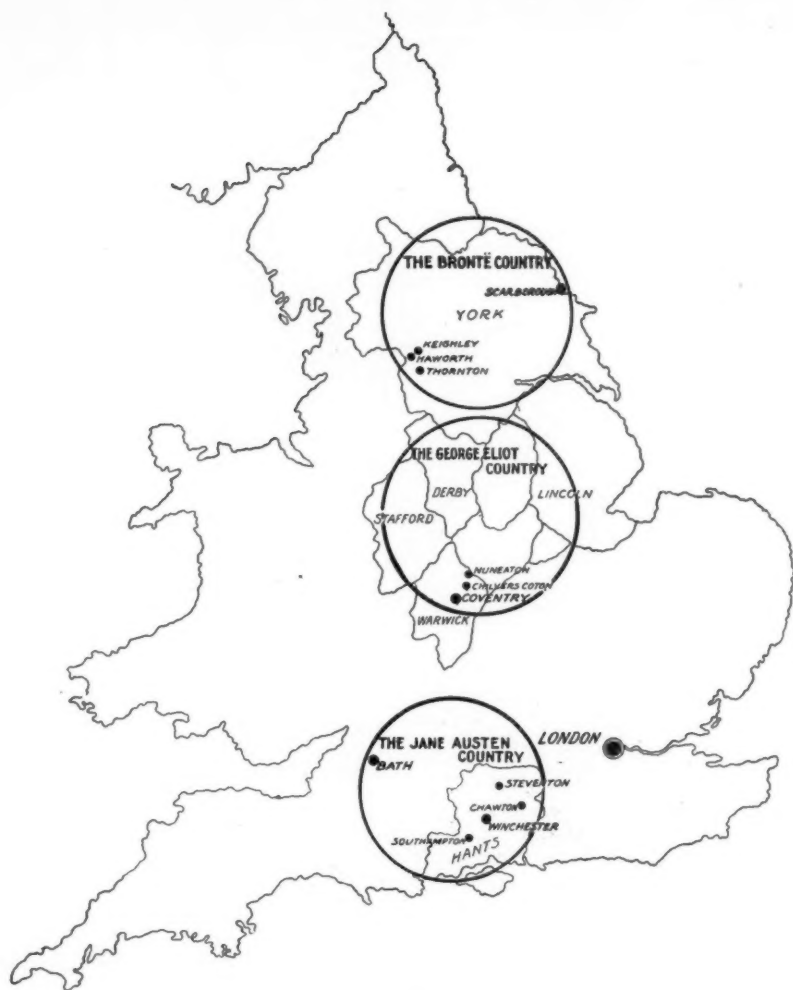
*Wuthering Heights* is almost inconceivable, taken as the work of a woman, still more as the work of a woman living an isolated life in a country parsonage in the midst of barren moorlands. How she ever came to comprehend the primitive brutalities and passions, and the great truth of life which sanctifies them, is a mystery. The knowledge could not have come from any actual experience. The book is not the result of any personal stress. She had given to her a light for the hidden darkness of human nature, irrespective of her own emotions. A lamp was set to her feet in the beginning. If a girl of twenty-eight

could write a novel like *Wuthering Heights*, no other conclusion is possible.

Taken as a love story there is nothing in fiction to compare with the savage, irresistible cleaving to one another of Heathcliff and Catherine. It is almost unearthly. Married though Catherine was, and her lover not her husband, one gets a strange sense of guiltiness from this unrestrained might of love. It is made evident as one of the great forces of life; it is beyond earthly consideration; it survives death. It does not deal with the social problem; it is beyond it. It is a fusion of two souls under a law as unchangeable and uncontrovertible as any law of chemistry. While one condemns, one admits the inevitable. One might as well think of questioning the resistless plunge of the rapids toward the brink of Niagara. It is difficult to recall a heroine who, loving a man other than her husband, gives one such a sense of innocence and stern purity. She seems almost to hold a sword against her own heart, even in that wild love scene a few hours before her death. Perhaps this is the principal touch in the book which betrays the woman writer. Perhaps only a maiden woman could portray a scene of such passion and innocence. Perhaps only a woman could have in her brain the conception of such forces and not make them a part of her own life.

We all know the story of those Brontë sisters—the life of those gifted souls in that lonely parsonage in Yorkshire, their spurring one another to further effort—but our wonder as to them never grows less. In these days we say that knowledge of the world, and contact with those who best represent the tendency of the times and its progress, are necessary to success in any work of art. We mention this man or that as coming closely in contact with the true spirit of his day and generation, in most cases seeming to gain his power by unlimited opportunities for knowledge. All the gates of humanity have been unbarred to him. In this time of ready transit and contact there are for a man few obstacles which he cannot overcome in the way of knowledge of his kind; it is still somewhat different for a woman. But the Brontës wrote over half a century ago, and they were women hedged about with great spaces of loneliness and insuperable barriers of religion, in an isolated parsonage with more of the dead than the living





Jane Austen was born in the village of Steventon, Hampshire (Hants). She lived there for twenty-five years, and afterwards resided at Bath, Southampton, and the village of Chawton. She is buried in Winchester Cathedral. It is said that she was never more than two hundred miles away from home. The scenes of all her stories were laid in the Hampshire region.

The brilliant Brontë sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, were born at Thornton village, Yorkshire. While they were very young their father became curate in the village of Haworth, and there they spent their lives. Nearly all the stories of the Brontë sisters center in the Yorkshire country.

George Eliot was born in Warwickshire and lived there for about thirty years. The region of Warwickshire and surrounding counties remained always most attractive to her. She often visited it, and she found there the setting for nearly all her stories.

for neighbors. How did they gain this knowledge?

The *how* is very pronounced in the case of both Charlotte and Anne Brontë, perhaps still more in the case of Emily. How this girl knew the truths, the savage but undeniable truths which she had never

granting that there had come within her observation some such savage and primeval characters as those in *Wuthering Heights*, how did she know how to develop them, and without a flaw in her premises? Her two and two always make four. There is never a slip. We condemn her characters,



*From a drawing by Charlotte Brontë*

EMILY BRONTË

been taught, the strength of the passions which she had never known and which she would doubtless have held as a shame to her maiden soul, is the question. Who taught her to strike nails on the head as with the hammer of Thor? It seems a case of downright subjective genius, utterly removed from any question of personal experience or outside influence. Even

yet we acknowledge them and their might of personality.

Moreover, all the time we feel that we have to do with them, not with Emily Brontë. The personality of the author is entirely in the background, so entirely that it seems almost an impossibility to dwell upon it, even to think of it without tearing down, as it were, the wall of imperishable

work which she has placed before herself. In *Wuthering Heights* we have to deal with Heathcliff and Catherine, and Isabella and Earnshaw, not with the woman who put their histories upon paper. She wrote about them, that was all. She was not in the least responsible for their wild rebellion and revolt against the existing order of things. She saw these souls revolving unto death in a whirlpool of primitive emotion, and she depicted them, not omitting one oath or one shade of savagery and horror. It is like a great battlefield described by one posted on some calm tower of observation, with a soul so far removed from selfish emotions that it shrinks at nothing. What was it to Emily Brontë if her heroines were beaten, so they were beaten? One cannot imagine her weeping over that sad cut in the luckless Isabella's fair neck, though after all she may have wept. It is never safe to judge an artist by his work. He may write with ice or fire, and none but himself know; but *Wuthering Heights* gives the impression of impersonality on the part of the author, if ever a book did. It is far different in that respect from Charlotte Brontë's work. There is the nervous throb of a woman's heart through *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*, but in *Wuthering Heights* if the throb be there we do not feel it.

*Wuthering Heights* is the one novel of a woman, dead over half a century, and it is a book which offends and repels, but for all that it is the great work of a great woman novelist.

Mary E. Wilkins

### George Sand

George Sand is more than an author; she is a power in the development of the human race. "The immense vibration" of her voice, said Matthew Arnold, "will not soon die away." All the Continent, England, America have been roused by her call and led to nobler life. Her reckless force was hurled against barriers that for centuries had shut women in to the Griselda ideal. And not women only, but all who suffer wrong—the poor, the weak, the terrified—owe an immeasurable debt to the great heart, and rich, full-flowing genius of their champion. For those, too,

in high or low estate, whose aspirations set toward the heights of spiritual vision, George Sand has been and is a fearless path-seeker, a soul forever on the quest, forever, in her own words, "tormented by things divine."

In her beloved France, where she stormed out her troubled youth and fought in the thick of the political battles, where she was idolized and reviled but always read, her influence is so all-pervading that it baffles analysis. George Sand beats in the pulses of modern France. It is when we turn to the neighboring Latin countries—Spain and Italy—that we get a clearer, because less complex, impression of what has been wrought by this supreme exponent of Latin womanhood.

The chief woman novelist of Spain today, Emilia Pardo Bazan, is a product and reflection of George Sand, not only in her fiction, the choice of subjects, and, with modifications, the style of treatment, but in her breadth of view, her advocacy of enlarged opportunities for women, her leadership in generous causes. The first woman novelist of distinction in Italy, Matilde Serao, has followed George Sand, not merely in such externals as the adoption in earlier years of man's dress when it promised protection and convenience, but in her ardent acceptance of the Frenchwoman's watchword, Pity, for her own observation and presentment of life. Those who have read *Sister Giovanna of the Cross*, and have felt the sorrows of the aged nuns driven from the convent of their perpetual vows back to a world where they had lost all place and memory, will understand why Matilde Serao is called in Rome and Naples *la petite Sand Italienne*.

George Sand's lineage goes far toward explaining her career. King and bohemian, artist and warrior bequeathed her the royal freedom and the militant passion that were her essentials of life. Like the canon of *Consuelo*, who boasted of being "one of the four hundred natural children of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland," so her great-grandfather, the romantic Marshal Saxe, wore the mingled pride and shame of that descent. His daughter Aurore, whose mother was an actress, was also of illegitimate birth, but she was educated on aristocratic lines and married to a country gentleman of fortune. Their only child, Maurice Dupin,

a gallant young soldier with artistic leanings, married a Parisian grisette of damaged reputation, daughter of a bird seller on the quays of the Seine. The one child of this union, Amantine-Lucile-Aurore, was born in 1804, the year of Napoleon's coronation.

She was a winsome baby, who, as soon as she could talk, would prattle over to herself the fairy-tales her mother had told her. It is strange to associate with the terrible events of the spring of 1808 in Madrid, and with Murat who commanded those ruthless massacres that roused all Spain to irresistible revolt, a four-year-old George Sand, brought by her impatient mother all the perilous way from Paris to visit Captain Dupin. It is easy to imagine how the gay officer delighted in his innocent little soldier dressed in a tiny uniform, complete to sword and spurs, precisely like his own. Murat, in his intervals of slaughter, petted *la petite* and called her his *aide-de-camp*. In the summer Captain Dupin conducted his family, at no slight risk, back to France. They went to Nohant, in the old province of Berry, to see his mother in her pleasant manor-house. During this visit the young captain was killed by a fall from his horse.

The patrician grandmother, after much contention, secured the guardianship of the child, whose love, however, could not be alienated from her mother. When George Sand made the faithful little Fadette say: "My mother is always my mother, and . . . I shall always love her with my whole heart," the words may have been an echo from her own girlhood. The country life in itself was to her liking. Berry, with "the willows full of larks, and the nights full of falling stars," thrilled the young heart with an abiding joy in nature. Madame Dupin, a convert to the educational theories of Rousseau, allowed her grandchild to romp freely out of doors with the children of the neighborhood, and to feed her fancy with the peasants' tales of witches, ghosts, and hobgoblins. Indoors she studied with the crotchety old pedant who had been her father's tutor, and gained from her musical grandmother that appreciation of Porpora, Hasse, and other eighteenth-century composers which is woven so happily into *Consuelo*.

Her rustic ways and tastes were ill-suited to her grandmother's aristocratic

coterie in Paris, where the winters were usually spent, and at thirteen Aurore was put into the most fashionable girls' school of the city, that of the English convent, to learn manners. Here she speedily won the name of "Madcap," and joined the "devil's camp," made up of the choice spirits of fun and fearlessness who were leagued together in a dangerous, heroic, and ever-fascinating adventure. "The great secret," wrote George Sand years afterward, "was the traditional legend of the convent, a dream handed down from generation to generation, and from 'devil' to 'devil' for about two centuries, a romantic fiction which may have had some foundation of truth at the beginning, but now rested merely on the needs of our imagination. Its object was to *deliver the victim*. There was a prisoner, some said several prisoners, shut up somewhere in an impenetrable retreat, either a cell hidden and bricked up in the thickness of the walls, or a dungeon under the vaults of the immense sub-basement. . . . These vaults were the key to a world of darkness, terrors, mysteries, an immense abyss dug beneath our feet, closed by iron gates, whose exploration was as perilous as the descent into hell of Æneas or Dante. For this reason it was absolutely imperative to get there."

Such labyrinthine vaults enter into many of George Sand's romances, as *The Bagpipers* and *Mauprat*. The amazing temerity of Consuelo in her subterranean expedition, too, is illuminated by these convent experiences, where the emulous imagination of the "devils" was forever plunging into tortuous caverns more ingeniously horrible than those of Count Albert's retreat.

But Aurore was not all hoiden. The Lady Superior called her "Still Waters." After some months of frolic, the "devil" showed signs of turning saint. She was responding to the emotional appeal of Roman Catholicism. She yielded herself to mystic ecstasies and longed to take the veil. This was displeasing to her grandmother, who was a deist of the Voltairean type, and Aurore was brought back to Nohant.

Now for the first time a thirst for knowledge quickened her, and she flung herself upon books—Greek philosophy, German metaphysics, sociology, ethics, poetry. In later years George Sand wrote of this



*From the engraving by Calamatta*

GEORGE SAND

youthful self: "She often rose at ten o'clock and read till three. When she had finished reading on winter nights, she would warm herself a little. . . . While warming herself, she would reflect on what she had been reading, and, with the blindness of inexperience, grope her way to criticism. . . . Brought up in a convent, and elated with poetical devotion, she calmly read the philosophers, believing at first that she could easily refute their arguments by her conscience; but she learned to love these philosophers, and to feel God greater than he had ever yet appeared. The little Catholic garlands of the Restoration froze during these winter nights, and a mysterious plant grew upon an ideal altar." The intensity of mental action was relieved by horseback gallops across country and by energetic tramps, for which, as there were no outing costumes for French ladies in those days, she equipped herself with a stout suit of boy's clothing.

The death of old Madame Dupin put an end to all this. Aurore was now *châtelaine* of Nohant, but her mother, who, in the decline of youthful graces had developed various unamiable traits topped by a tyrannical temper, insisted on having the girl with her in Paris. Although their old affection was never really broken, the tone of her mother's circle and her mother's capricious bearing toward her made this an unhappy arrangement for Aurore. She availed herself of the first escape that offered, a marriage proposal from a young country squire.

At eighteen she went, the bride of M. Dudevant, to undertake domestic life with him at Nohant. After nine years the domination of an inferior had become intolerable, and she bought his consent to her residence, during every alternate three months, in Paris. It was some seven years more before her life had entirely freed itself from his, but finally, by a series of private agreements, money payments, and legal processes, she was left in undisturbed possession of their two children, her home at Nohant, and her liberty.

The bitterness of this experience had sunk deep into her soul. "Ah, no; I was not born to be a poet," she wrote with that Latin vehemence which surprises Anglo-Saxon reserve. "I was born to love. It is the misfortune of my destiny, it is the enmity of others, that have made

me a wanderer and an artist. What I wanted was to live a human life. I had a heart; it has been torn violently from my breast. All that has been left me is a head, a head full of noise and pain, of horrible memories, of images of woe, of scenes of outrage."

More significant, perhaps, are the words applied to Consuelo: "She felt the necessity of belonging to herself—that sovereign and legitimate want, the necessary condition of progress and development of the true artist."

In the first rapture of freedom, the high-spirited woman had plunged into the struggling life of a Paris journalist with an utter defiance of conventionalities. During the earlier years of her experiment, the allowance her husband granted her out of her own estate was so niggardly that she had reasons of economy, as well as of personal prudence, for assuming, on occasion, masculine dress. As a woman, perils and prohibitions met her everywhere; but in the easy attire that passed her as a student, she had at her command libraries, newspaper offices, streets by day and streets by night, theatres, art galleries, studios, clubs, cafés, and cheap lodgings. Yet her innate love of independence and adventure was, perhaps, her strongest motive for donning a disguise which she probably enjoyed as frankly as Consuelo enjoyed the untrammeled movement that came with Joseph's suit.

A young writer whom she had known in Berry, Jules Sandeau, helped her to success in fiction. They wrote at the outset in collaboration, signing his *nom de plume*, Jules Sand. When Madame Dudevant first accomplished a novel by herself, the signature was varied to George Sand. This initial novel, *Indiana*, made its author famous, and was quickly followed by *Valentine* and others in like strain, the burden of them all being, as Matthew Arnold has phrased it, "the cry of agony and revolt."

These early books, often rhapsodical in style and irregular in construction, are great by force of feeling. They paint in vivid colors the miseries, especially for the woman, of loveless marriage. They roused widespread sympathy, hostility, dispute.

Even where their morality was questioned, their genius was acknowledged. The most brilliant Frenchmen of that



brilliant day gathered about George Sand. The poet, Alfred de Musset, became her lover, and they journeyed to Italy together. Their irised bubble burst, and Musset returned alone, while George Sand lingered in Venice, the only city in the world, she said, which she could love for its own sake. The first part of *Consuelo* shows how thoroughly the bright Venetian spell had wrought upon her.

But by the time George Sand was writing *Consuelo* (1842-43), that sense, burning in her like a wound, of the rights of the individual, was yielding place to convictions of the individual's duty to society. The dream of a world made new, of a purified social state where the ideal life should be recognized as the normal life for all mankind, was lifting her to a larger and serener atmosphere.

After her recovery from the first anguish of her experience with Musset—an experience corroding to him, but, in the end, a source of wisdom and power to her—George Sand found her chief interest in theories of socialism and communism, in political movements, and in all phases of social reform. Novels of purpose succeeded the romances of love. She drew her heroes and her philosophers from the artisan class; her mechanics were more noble than noblemen; she was a pioneer in proclaiming through fiction the virtues of the people. In the convulsions of 1848 she took a prominent part, but to no practical effect. The popular government which was, in her expectation, to supply the masses abundantly not only with bread and shoes, but with sweetness and light, dismally failed. Only a few confused, unhappy months, culminating in fierce bloodshed, intervened between Louis Philippe and Louis Bonaparte.

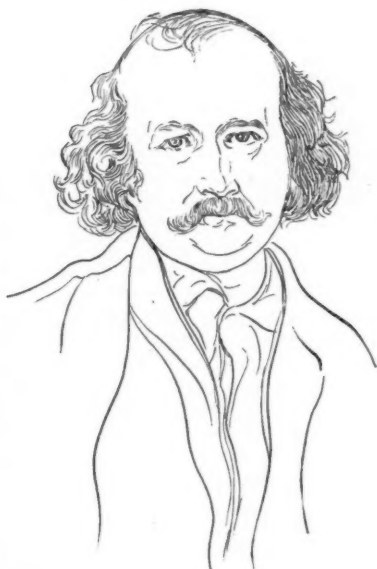
Through all these passionate years George Sand had been a most devoted mother to her Maurice and Solange. Into this channel the overflowing love of that mighty heart could pour itself without reproach or stint. "Our life is composed of love," she said, "and not to love is not to live." Through this great vitality of love within her she suffered no permanent defeat.

As she had risen from the wreck of her romance to a new life for the state, so from the crash of her political aspirations she rose again to a more patient faith, a further-reaching hope, a

more tenderly compassionate love for all humanity.

In all the agitations of her life, from childhood on, she had sought healing and inspiration from nature. French literature has, in the main, been content to leave to French painting the interpretation of landscape, but George Sand, a lifelong student of botany and mineralogy, an enthusiastic pedestrian even to her last years, a poet in eye and ear, has made classic the tranquil beauty of her Berry. When the experiment in popular government had exploded, when the air about her head was smoky with abuse and threats, she quietly withdrew to Nohant, where she studied Virgil, and wrote a trio of pastorals, unique tales of peasant life, "the Georgics of France."

In the preface to one of these, *Little Fadette*, she said: "Preaching unity to men who are cutting one another's throats is crying in the wilderness. There are times when souls are so agitated that they are dead to every direct appeal. Plain allusions to present ills, the address to boiling pas-



JULES SANDEAU

sions—there is no road to safety there: a sweet song, the sound of a rustic pipe, a story to put little children to sleep without fear or pain, is better than the spectacle of real evils deepened and darkened still more by the colors of fiction."

From this time on, until her peaceful death in 1876, George Sand lived principally at Nohant, with her children and her friends about her. She was happy in the fields, where every cricket held for her "a tambourine under its wing." She was happy with her little granddaughters, for whom she wrote *Wings of Courage* and other bewitching child stories. She was happy at her midnight desk, from which the copious stream of dramas, idyls, historical romances, society novels, essays, autobiography, and letters flowed on with unflagging force. She never grew old. Five years before her death she wrote to a friend: "If to love continually makes one young, then I am still young." And George Sand died still young at seventy-one.

No one book can fully express a genius so rich and so progressive, but *Consuelo*, standing midway in George Sand's development and looking before and after, is more nearly typical than any other. Here we have her feeling for music, her attraction toward bohemianism, her love of nature, her zest for movement and adventure. Here we have her recognition of the power of passion, especially in southern blood.

A rush of passion, opposed to judgment and honor, may assail the purest, even *Consuelo*, but it is an enemy to be resisted to the uttermost. The goal for hero and heroine is marriage, a goal that can be reached only through proven love founded on sympathy of character and sanctioned by conscience; for if this marriage is to trespass on the rightful happiness of others, let love deny itself. Yet the cry of individualism is still heard—the demand of the artist for freedom, for self-development. Here we have the actual, while poetic, portrayal of Venetian life and character.

The story was to have ended there, and it must have been to the author's surprise, no less than to ours, when, at the desire of publishers and public for a continuation, the narrative suddenly swung away to the gloomy north and the medieval castle of the Rudolstadt. George Sand's concep-

tion of the Teutonic spirit was naturally not so true as her understanding of the Latin races. Count Albert is a preposterous Hamlet. The prolix declamation and half-seasoned mysticism in which George Sand's earlier writing indulged so freely are most in evidence through this section of the book. Notwithstanding all subterranean inducements, the reader is glad to be off with *Consuelo* Rosalinding it in doublet and hose along the mountain chains and down the Danube to Vienna.

The protest against the injustice of social conditions, which Count Albert had voiced beside his gruesome altar of bones, recurs throughout this journey, with its brutish peasants and royal tyrannies; while at Vienna, the court of the Empress Maria Theresa disgusts the free spirit of the artist by its tedious and insincere etiquette. The writer of *Consuelo* was already a democrat.

In point of form this novel, varying as it does from keen realism to the wildest romanticism, is hardly a representative one. Many of George Sand's later books are not only harmonious, but symmetrical; whereas *Consuelo*, "a sort of rambling *Odyssey*," as Mrs. Browning called it, keeps the law of unity only through the steady dominance of its central figure. Yet here we have, taking it all in all, the main elements of George Sand's genius—a magic style, whose cadences Thackeray compared to "the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly upon the ear," inexhaustible invention, masterly character creation, keen susceptibility to beauty in nature and in art, and an enthusiastic search after the moral and spiritual issues of life.

Behind the charm of the fiction and the theories of society and of religion with which the fiction is freighted, glows a splendid personality. The life of George Sand was not free from errors. White "wings of courage" sometimes bore her into dark places, and stains that were partly the fault of her own deed and partly the fault of the world's uncleanness were left upon them; but that strong flight, never broken, swept onward and upward to eternal light.

Katharine Lee Bates

(Wellesley College)



### The Destiny of South Africa

Never prophesy unless you know is a good rule. Yet all statesmanship is based upon foresight, which is equivalent to prophecy. We speculate, calculate, and draw inferences to the best of our ability, and then something unforeseen turns up and everything turns out otherwise.

South African destiny has been changed unexpectedly more than once. The discovery of diamonds made one revolution. The discovery of gold made another. If Cecil Rhodes had died of consumption, or if Paul Kruger had been eaten by a lion—both contingencies at one time very probable—the whole course of South African history would have been different. The chapter of accidents in that region is not exhausted. Already men are talking of the discovery of the richest copper mine in the world on the extreme north of Rhodesia, a mine rich enough to make it worth while to construct one thousand miles of railway for no other object than to tap the copper. To-morrow some new treasure may be found, and the centre of attraction, which shifted from Kimberly to the Rand, may shift from the Rand to Rhodesia.

From an economic point of view South Africa seems destined to be the region from

which mankind will draw its chief supplies of diamonds, gold, and copper. From a political standpoint it is destined to be as free as Canada, and as independent as Australia. Subject to the indispensable coaling station at Simon's Bay, without which the keystone would drop out of the arch of the imperial naval position of Great Britain, South Africa will be free from the control of the mother country. If the mother country recognizes this as inevitable, the mother country's flag may still for an indefinite period float over South Africa from Table Mountain to the Zambesi. If, on the contrary, the mother country fails to recognize the inevitable, and endeavors to maintain any authority over Africanderland, then the flag will come down. Africanderland will be governed by Afrianders. And as the majority of permanently resident white Afrianders are of Dutch descent, South Africa will, of necessity, be governed by the Dutch, as Quebec is by the French.

The Dutch are better men on the land than the English. Of that no fair-minded Englishman who has been in the country entertains any doubt. Mr. Rhodes affirmed it as strongly as Benjamin Kidd. Not only are they better men, but they are

much cleverer politicians. Dr. Gordon Sprigg, the present Premier of Cape Colony, told me last year that the rough Dutch farmers from the back country had such a natural intuitive genius for politics that, after three weeks in Parliament, they could give points to any British Member who had been in the House for months.

Not only are they better men all round on the land, not only are they abler politicians all round in the Houses of Parliament, but what is far more important, they are better breeders of men. The British colonist, following the example of the Frenchman and the New Englander, shrinks from the primal task of multiplying and increasing and replenishing the earth. The Dutch cradle is never empty. If the hand that rocks the cradle sways the world, it is not less true that the race that fills the cradle will possess the world. Hence the destiny of South Africa seems tolerably certain to be that of a federation of self-governing states, preëminently Dutch, which will or will not be sheltered by the Union Jack, according to the readiness of the imperial government to recognize that it has no authority over Africans.

*W. S. Shaw*

### Who are the Conservatives?


The reader of current political literature is subject to a peculiar confusion of ideas. Take for example the recent article of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, "The Opportunity of the South." The South is there called upon to restore the Democratic party to the conservative policy which it followed during the time of its greatest triumphs before the Civil War. The party of Jefferson is presented as the party of conservatism. Now in his day Jefferson was looked upon as a dangerous radical who looked favorably upon revolution and advocated popular participation in government

in ways which frightened the conservatives among his contemporaries. It was clearly the Federalists and not the Republicans who were the conservatives in the time of Jefferson. The change of the party name from Republican to Democrat coincided with the leadership of Andrew Jackson, and here again a new type of radicalism found expression. The common, uneducated masses came into conscious possession of power. Judges were no longer appointed for life, but were elected for short terms, and partisan appointments for short terms displaced the more permanent tenure in the Federal civil service. The Whigs, who opposed the Democrats, maintained that Jackson had created a new and dangerously radical party. The Whigs themselves were willing to pose as the true successors of the more moderate party of Jefferson, while the Democrats ceased not to represent the Whigs as reactionary Federalists. Thus, so long as the Whig party endured it stood for what is usually regarded as conservatism in politics, and the Democrats were accounted radical.

With the advent of the new Republican party in 1856 there arose a real confusion as to which party could be rightly termed conservative. Many radical anti-slavery Democrats were active in the organization of the new party. After the war many conservative Republicans left the party, refusing to support its radical policy of reconstruction and negro suffrage. It would seem then that the Republicans had become radicals and the Democrats conservatives. Yet the new issues arose, and the same radical Republican party became committed to the conservative side of the currency question and other new problems. Thus the confusion has persisted, and it has been impossible to classify parties since the War as either radical or conservative. The Democrats as led by Cleveland were undoubtedly as conservative as the Republicans led by Blaine. The fusion of the Populists and Demo-

crats under the leadership of Bryan gave rise to the impression that the party was again to become radical and aggressive.

It is the use of the old terms in connection with the new issues that tends to befog and confuse the reader. Jefferson was in his day a radical, and at the same time he favored limiting as far as possible the field of government, leaving to the individual the widest possible scope for free contract and private enterprise. The people of that time feared the tyranny of government; they did not fear oppression from private monopoly. Today the masses fear private corporate monopoly much more than they fear governmental oppression. The radical of today, therefore, is one who takes advance ground in favor of governmental control of monopolized industry. One of the two great parties is likely in the near future to become the organ of this sort of radicalism, and the other party will then become the party of resistance—that is, the party of conservatism. Which shall it be?



(Iowa College)

### The Growth of Municipal Ownership Sentiment

At the city election held in Chicago a year ago opportunity was offered the voters to express themselves upon the abstract proposition of municipal ownership. Chicago's water supply had for many years been conducted as a public undertaking, and a city electric lighting station had for fifteen years furnished a large part of the street illumination. As to the advisability of the city operating its own gas and electric lighting plants, the vote recorded for municipal ownership was 139,999, as against 21,346, and as to the advisability of the city acquiring ownership of the street railways

for rapid transit, the vote for municipal ownership was 142,826, as against 27,998. Greater New York authorities are seriously considering the suggestion that the city can solve its street lighting problem only by establishing a municipal electric lighting plant. At the recent National Convention on Municipal Ownership and Public Franchises, it was found that, with few exceptions, the only defenders of the private ownership idea were men financially interested in franchise grants or employees of franchised corporations. The significance of these correlated facts lies in their reflection of the growth of municipal ownership sentiment.

It is the difficulty of securing a perspective of the whole field of municipal activity that has prevented the more general realization of the progress already made by this movement. Municipal ownership of waterworks is so common that it no longer excites even curiosity. The reason for this is that many of our older American cities found it necessary to inaugurate a systematic water supply at a time when private capital hesitated to accept the responsibility, and thus set an example that has been so widely followed that public ownership of waterworks is accepted as the natural order.

For some peculiar reason, the distribution of illuminating gas from a central plant, although long since successfully introduced, has in only few cases been taken over by the municipality, and only two examples of publicly owned street railways are furnished in all our American cities. On the other hand, when the Department of Labor instituted its comprehensive inquiry into electric lighting, in 1899, it secured returns from 952 plants, of which 320 were publicly owned and operated, although it must be remembered that many of them are in comparatively small places. In the last annual compilation of statistics of municipalities, issued by the Commissioner of Labor (1902), covering only cities of over 30,000 population, it is disclosed that out



of 135 such cities, 99 own their water plants, 5 own their gas works, and 13 own their electric lighting installations.

While this exhibit shows the private franchised corporations to be still strongly entrenched, it also furnishes a measure of the effective headway made by municipal ownership sentiment—a sentiment sure to be more potently manifested in the immediate future.

Victor Rosewater

(Omaha Bee)

### Cancer in the Commons— An English Diagnosis

Business in the British House of Commons has admittedly reached a parlous state. Through a succession of years, culminating in the efforts of last session, procedure has been reformed with increasingly desperate effort to remove the deadlock. Within the memory of many members still with us the House met at half-past four and suffered the plague of Questions to an indefinite period. Under the new rules, carried last year, the Speaker takes the chair at two o'clock, and not later than three the orders of the day are reached.

It is true that, *per contra*, there is an adjournment for dinner, extended over an hour and an half, and at ordinary sittings debate automatically stands adjourned at midnight. But the advantage in point of time, and, above all, in certainty of grappling with work, is all on the side of the new rules. Nevertheless, as far as legislation is concerned, the old story is repeated. Last year the first-fruits of the latest form of procedure were seen in the necessity of rushing two important bills through their final stages by the brute force of the closure, invoked in the very last week of the session.

There is only one way of dealing with the difficulty. When cancer develops itself

in the human body it should be cut out. Lengthy speeches in Parliament should be sternly repressed. This would be to the advantage not only of public business but of private members. Occasions are exceedingly rare when there is either necessity or excuse for a speech exceeding the length of a quarter of an hour—at the utmost twenty minutes.

Disraeli supplied a good case in point, showing how this restriction is not only convenient, but tends to the renown of the speaker. Gladstone was largely responsible for the custom of long speeches, from which, being from time to time in charge of the business of the House, he grievously suffered. In his early parliamentary days there were giants of debate. It was consequently left in the hands of some half dozen men, the rank and file content to sit and listen. In such circumstances elaboration was expected and enjoyed. When, on a historic occasion, Gladstone occupied five hours in exposition of a budget, Disraeli felt he could not do much less. But he had not the staying power. Moreover, his dramatic instincts, his light fancy, his store of epigram, found the limits of half an hour more congenial than the waste of three hours, or even of two. "Dizzy" was always at his best when, rising on the spur of the moment, he sparkled in debate for twenty minutes.

Happily, there are one or two bright examples in the present House that point the moral. Sir William Harcourt, one of the few survivors of the old school, preserves its manner of prolonged speech. Like "Dizzy," he is at his best in brief impromptu reply on the debate. Unhappily, he prefers to bring down with him a sheaf of notes, and, regardless of emptying benches, ponderously recites by the hour. One of the best, that is to say the most effective, debaters in the House is Mr. Asquith, who rarely exceeds half an hour even in the most important debates. Mr. Arthur Balfour's intellectual impatience



happily precludes the habit of verbiage. As a rule, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not verbose. But what are these among so many? The development of the provincial press, with its special wires and its generous custom of reporting at length speeches of local members, is at the bottom of the whole bad business. In self-defence the House of Commons should take it by the throat.

*J. M. Buckley*

("Toby, M.P." of *Punch*)

## Humor is Immoral

When the ice was on the pavement I saw a stout gentleman in front of me come down heavily. It was very funny. I laughed. He did not hear me, and walked on, limping. At the next corner I slipped and fell. It hurt. I did not laugh; but two men nearly did, and I heard them. I failed to see the joke. A block further on it occurred to me to ask myself, Why? And the discovery that it was because the point of view of the observed and that of the observer did not coincide helped to



MINISTERIAL WEATHER: VARIABLE WINDS—STRONG, SQUALLY; IMPROVING LATER  
—*London Daily Graphic*

expose for me another fraud. Now—unless the prophets lie—I shall no longer hold both my sides; the poet's recipe for the making of flesh is denied me; and I am forbidden show of the only emotion which we are told wins readily the world's sympathy. For, as a moral being, how may I justify indulgence in laughter, persuaded, as I am, that humor is fundamentally immoral?

From the predicament in which I am thus placed I ask assistance, and it is my hope that some philosopher, from longer consideration of a proposition which must have suggested itself to many of his kind, will overthrow my logic. For the present, I am confronted with a failure to construct a situation the humor of which does not turn upon misfortune. Whether it be the mishap or embarrassment, the unconventional raiment, the trick of speech, or the twist of feature of another which excites our mirth, directly or by implication we ridicule the one we laugh at. That we are, or he is, or both are, unconscious of this fact does not relieve us of responsibility. We have expressed our enjoyment of the mortification of flesh or spirit which he has exhibited, as Addison puts it in his hesitating speculation, "by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character or in the representation which he makes of others." The actor and the clown do all they can to convince us of this.

The "practical joke" has fallen into some disrepute. In bad taste, it is declared to be, and dangerous. To whom? Is not the real explanation for the discredit which it has earned an uneasy anticipation on the part of each spectator that he will be "Next"? But when chance, or whatever we choose to call the enginery of circumstances, bowls over a victim, it is quite proper, ethically and hygienically, to applaud the happening. The distinction so drawn, however complimentary to the discretion of one's guardian angel, is fairly questionable upon broader grounds. Provi-

dence as a practical joker may be exempt from trial in any court of public opinion, but to stamp its painful performances with our approval is to sharpen a sword against our own flaying.

If the gravity of these reflections does not immediately impress you, yield to your laughter until the next time *you* point the joke. Then, if you are unable to rejoice with those who rejoice, reflect. Calmly reflect, with the grin or chuckle of a witness to edge the argument, upon the proposition: Humor is immoral!

*Churchiel Williams.*

### A Patriotic Explosion

This confession is made because I want to be a patriotic American—I also want to be an angel. Under present conditions there is about as much chance of one as of the other, and the fault is not altogether mine.

About the first week in March I shipped a few odds and ends of baggage—clothing, furniture, etc.—to my native land, and I accompanied them, with a view of making my permanent home within measurable distance of the Bowery.

For many years past I had been happily exiled on foreign shores, occupied with literary work—storing up material against the publishers. There was no particular value attaching to any of my belongings. I once appraised my manuscript case at ten thousand dollars, but that was in one of my romantic relapses.

These few household effects of mine had been a dozen years abroad with me—some of it had been picked up here, some in Europe, some in China, some stuff came from South Africa. I had no means of accurately telling what any particular thing was worth, or even who manufactured it. But I did write out a most respectful declaration, under oath, informing the U. S.

Customs that all my effects were truly mine—that I had nothing but old stuff—that I was coming home to select a lot in some inexpensive cemetery—and I begged to be allowed to pass the barriers unmolested.

The Customs answered that this was not sufficient. I must hunt up some collector of some port and make affidavit in some other form. When that notice came I was rustivating at the charming suburb of Sound Beach, on Long Island Sound, where the only harbor is a mud flat occasionally occupied by oysters. But I climbed on my bicycle and pedalled to Stamford, half a dozen miles away, and there found a collector of the port after my own heart—a Yale graduate who scorned the idea of accepting a fee—who led a merry life of innocuous desuetude, keeping tally of the occasional coaster that managed to enter this slumbering channel. The collector was not at his office, but I sped away to his residence, and he kindly took pity on me, trudged all the way back with me, pulled out his ponderous official seal, and sent me away with the notion that I had finally convinced Uncle Sam that I was not an undesirable emigrant, and that my few sticks of furniture were not a menace to our "infant industries."

The time I had already wasted over these few effects would have fitted me out anew, but my troubles were not yet over. After more than a month of interval I received from the custom house broker notice that my formal "affidavit before the Collector of Customs at Stamford does not meet the requirements of the Treasury Department."

For the life of me I cannot see how I am ever to be allowed to enter the United States, unless I turn Italian or Portuguese and come out in the steerage.

I am asked to swear to the place where each thing that I have is manufactured, and that each thing that I bought in America has been "returned without having been

advanced in value or improved in condition," etc. Thus I have an American typewriting table that was given to me in New York some six years ago. I don't know what it cost—I don't know whether it is better or worse for my company abroad. I must perjure myself or it will be confiscated!

When I arrived in New York I was asked to swear to the exact value of each article that I had purchased abroad. I could not do so, for I am not strong on keeping accounts. I had bought a shirt here, a tooth-brush there—in fact, I pick up things as I find I need them!

What is an honest man to do under these circumstances? My private opinion is that honest men are getting mighty scarce, and that if we don't soon have a little free trade the race will become extinct.

*Frederic B. Sigel*

### Wanted—A Purveyor of Public Joy

"God the first garden made, and the first city Cain." Is it too wild a speculation to suppose that the aggregations of weight and numbers upon the sites of great cities must affect the poise of the globe, alter the slant of its axis, and bring about gradual changes in climate? At any rate, the effects of city life in the domain of health and the realm of morals are plain. The toils and anxieties of existence grow keener; ambition and the lust for luxury stir the cauldron, until "double, double, toil and trouble" becomes no mere incantation, but a description of life itself. The inhabitants of every stratum in the social pyramid know the strain and feel the need for contrast and holiday. Well, the calendar brings round the rest-day—the crowds go forth—"the city casts her people out upon her"—but where is the City Purveyor of Public Joy?

Nobody ever heard of such a functionary. The Boss, the Town Clerk, and the Medical Officer of Health we know, but not the Municipal Organizer of Popular Pleasure. The crowd is left to organize its enjoyment for itself. Private enterprise does something in that way, but cannot do enough. To provide resources of *plein air* pleasure is a duty our city fathers do not realize. A national park is a fine thing, but how many of the populace can enjoy it? London, for instance, has a splendid Thames Embankment, and a band plays in one of the gardens there now and then; but that father and mother and child may sit at a café-table under the lindens, with the moon pouring its benediction down, the music sounding, the crowds gaily promenading, and the river carrying argosies of happy cits to and fro, is a delight and a measure of sanitation which private enterprise cannot compass, and civic organization does not attempt.

Parks where not ten in a hundred of the populace ever stroll, play-grounds where few ever play, sea-beaches and river-reaches unvisited, chances of temporary escape from mean streets and advertisement-boards uncaught at, baths of rural quiet for the weary soul into which the masses can never plunge—these witness to our defects of civic organization. We ought more often to carry townsfolk into the country, and more fully to bring the country into the town. I watch the Germans in their *biertagens* and Rhineside or Ringstrasse concerts—the French in their evening promenades beneath the clipped trees of the *mail* beside the river, or around the lit band-stand on the *Place*, or down the boulevard, or about the small but fully utilized *Jardin Public*: and I lament that for English-speaking citizens there is so little pleasure of that kind. For lack of it our populace is driven into revelry indoors and underground—the “dive,” the “pub,” the “Alsatian” club, which fresh air and public observation do not get

a chance to purify. And thus the moral and physical health of the masses becomes damaged; and in a generation we shall exhibit not only the biggest and wealthiest but the wickedest cities in the world; all because we do not rise to the needs and opportunities of civic existence—all because we have not developed and organized the purveying of public joy.



(M. P. for Nottingham, England)

### Government by Vigilance Committee

It takes the newcomer a little while to realize that Chicago is under vigilance committee rule. The discovery is rather startling to the ordinary citizen; it is positively amazing to representatives of certain organized corporate powers that prey.

The vigilance committee is a fairly well known American device, historically speaking, to which resort has been had from time to time. Sometimes we condemn it as a mob. Again we apologize for it as an expedient adapted to a temporary phase of the struggle from semi-barbarous conditions toward more highly organized forms of government. But what shall we say of vigilance committee rule in the second city of a country which does not hesitate in these days to bank on its manifest destiny of leading the nations of the world to the highest form of self-government?

Here was the situation. Repeatedly the city had been sold out to the highest bidder. It made no difference which party was elected to office, nor how strong the winning platform sounded for “reform.” Municipal government machinery in either case proved equally purchasable by interests which make a business of exercising corporately disguised powers of taxing the people

in street-car fares, paving jobs, and the like. The story is such an old one in so many cities that people seem to pass it over as one of those things we cannot cure, hence must endure. That party government has broken down completely in Chicago was the fact. Such is still the fact. Hence the opportunity and the *raison d'être* for the vigilance committee.

It all seems very simple now. A young lawyer had come to town, associated enough honest and reputable citizens with him to back him up, and set about the one task of making public a true record of every member of and candidate for the city council on such issues as traction franchises. These records were news, which in time the city newspapers could not ignore or suppress if they had been so disposed. At first, the party managers laughed at the self-constituted censors. People said there was no use, the gang was entrenched, and throwing paper balls was no match for boodle. But presently the censors became the more formally impressive Municipal Voters' League. Here and there a notorious council boodler found himself minus a majority in his own province when he wanted to be re-elected. Where two party candidates were equally bad a League candidate came to the front. Party candidates sought endorsement by the League, and were put everlastingly on record by it. The most practical kind of good politics—not your silk-stocking variety in a Bohemian ward—developed as campaigns followed one another, until one day a majority of honest men appeared in the Chicago city council.

"Who are these men we are up against?" asked some Eastern men who came to town the other day to get from the council a fifty-year extension of expiring street railroad franchises, claiming to carry with them a million dollars for the usual expenses, as the story goes.

"Plain, everyday Chicago citizens," was the answer, "receiving salaries of \$1500 a

year for their services. But they are honest men, and the first thing for you to do in this town is to cut out any reference to that million dollars for expenses."

"And this Municipal Voters' League. We must look into that," they went on. They looked into it, and they found the self-constituted vigilance committee impervious to champagne bargains, impregnable by reason of a public opinion which had been educated on the question at issue, and assured of a lease of power as long as it shall deserve it at the hands of a public which prefers results to forms of government.

*Frank Chapman Gray*

(Editor *The Chautauque Press*)

## Yankee Blood and Political Crazes

It has for some time been fashionable, even among our more intelligent adopted citizens, to rail at the imported foreigner of the lower grade as the concomitant of social dangers. He may, perhaps, be entitled to his share of apprehensive attention, but I stumbled on some facts recently that gave more solemn direction to my thoughts. Few people seem to have realized that the populist craze in politics first made itself manifest in the South, where the white population is nearly one hundred per cent. native born; that it found its most fertile soil in Kansas, and that its spread throughout the middle west may be traced directly to the blood of New England.

In 1900, the population of Kansas was 72.6 per cent. native born. The percentage of native born citizens in the New England States ranged from a minimum of about 36 per cent. in Rhode Island to a maximum of 71.2 per cent. in Maine.

Thus it will be seen that Kansas outranks Maine, which stands at the head of the list of New England States, in propor-



tion of native blood, but it outranks her, and all other New England States, by a greater margin than even these figures would indicate, because, until very recent years, Kansas has been almost without foreign immigration. She is, undoubtedly, and overwhelmingly, the most Yankee State of the Union.

The same spirit that made "Bleeding Kansas" a battle-ground fifty years ago, and that made Maine and "them steers" of Solon Chase's the synonym for greenbackism, thirty years ago, was abroad in Kansas in the nineties. It is the spirit that has made every cranky ism and ology flourish among the granite rocks of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. It is the typical American spirit of unrest and speculation.



### Trusts and the Prehistoric Menagerie

What wonderful vocabularies are hurled at corporations when politicians load their repeaters with sixteen varieties of language and go gunning for trusts! If they serve no other purpose, trusts have developed some of the latent possibilities of English.

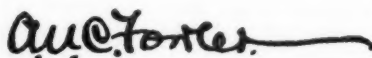
Since the days of Coke a corporation is understood to possess no soul, whence it easily follows that a "heartless" corporation may be anatomically correct. But—"octopus!" Why has that pseudo-Populistic aggregation of letters been recently incorporated into the body of political literature and campaign harangue? Granted that it is a worthy word, that it rolls rippingly from the tongue, that it is the boss iconoclastic smasher of all trust-busters, still, wherein is it superior to decapod, which has another brace of feet, or to cuttle-fish, kraken, or devil-fish, which are first cousins to octopus?

Wouldn't "squid" purge the earth of the miasma of corporate corruption quite as well as "octopus," and leave, moreover, a reserve of two syllables to be employed farther in the combat against the creatures of capitalistic greed?

Consider, too, how, after the lapse of several centuries, the illustrious Black Prince has deteriorated into a mere Coal Baron. There are other degrees of royalty and title, to be sure—Oil King, Steel King, and even an occasional Paper Count—but, at present, it is Coal Baron which is the hottest favorite. Coal Baron needs a rest and deserves a vacation. Hear, clamoring for a show, the Peanut Marquis, the Beer Commodore, *et id genus omne*.

Yet octopus and coal baron fade into utter insignificance when compared with that chief of the trilogy, "hydra-headed monster," borrowed from Saint George by the politicians, trained, fed, let out of its cage by the same managers, and warranted to drive the haughty advocates of oligarchy back to the woods. Now, it must be confessed that "hydra-headed monster" contains within its scaly sides potentialities for great execution, and is a most powerful expression in the proper mouth; yet is it better than fire-belching ogre, child-consuming pterodactyl, cyclops-eyed behemoth, or any other fantastic and impossible creature from the political menagerie? It seems to be a toss-up among them for style, speed, and action.

It is to be hoped that more novelties will be introduced into the language, to the end that, if one must be an octopus in October, he may be permitted to be a decapod during December, and, for variety's sake, to divide the remainder of the year between kraken, hydra-headed monster and hexamerous anthozöon. This will be less monotonous, and may tend toward increased scientific research.







# THE BEST NEW THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

## The California of Bret Harte

San Francisco was unique; all the color-lines were down; gilded vice, seated upon her tinsel throne, was visible from the pavement, and in some cases infamy might truly have been called splendid; the drone of the hurdy-gurdy, the gay fandango, the Celestial players of fantan, were heard and seen on every side; and all these Bret Harte in the dew of his youth saw, searched into, and assimilated. Like the Argonaut, the forty-niner, he became a part of the land itself, and a very living part of the life of the land. It is fortunate for us who knew California of old, and love to revive memories of the past, that he came when he came, saw what he saw, and conquered as he unquestionably did conquer, and held fast the very spirit, if not the letter, of that golden age. The spirit is the poetry, the letter is the prose of it all. Only a poet can paint the picturesque. California was picturesque once upon a time; the life there and then was delightful, audacious, perhaps at times devilish; there was not much repose in camp or town, but there was enough and to spare in the wide verandas of the sun-baked haciendas and in the attenuated vistas of the mission cloisters.

It was a lucky fate that drove Bret Harte afield when he was all eyes; when his wits were wide awake, and he had a healthy, youthful thirst for adventure. Fate made of him for a time a country schoolmaster, and some of the finely finished studies he has given us are the direct results of that experience; it lured him to learn the printer's trade; he sat in the seat of the scornful—a village editor;

he was an express messenger in the mountains when the office was the target of every lawless rifle in the territory; he was glutted with adventurous experiences; he bore a charmed life. Probably his youth was his salvation, for he ran a thousand risks, yet seemed only to gain in health and spirits; and all the while he was unconsciously accumulating the most precious material that could fall to the lot of a writer—the lights and shadows, the color, the details of a unique life, as brief as it was brilliant, and one never to be lived again under the sun or stars.—From *Exits and Entrances*, by Charles Warren Stoddard (Lothrop).

## Men and Crockery

Once upon a day I visited that magnificent store of Marshall Field & Co. in Chicago. I was being conducted over the place by Mr. Selfridge, one of the partners and managers of the institution. We were passing through the Glassware Department and had stopped for a moment to examine a case of rare and beautiful treasures. Near-by a man was standing on a step-ladder adjusting the lights of a chandelier that was just above the case of glassware. We passed along, but had not gone twenty feet before there was a terrific crash, and as I turned and looked back I saw that the man on the ladder had lost his balance and fallen directly into the case, not only wrecking it completely, but evidently smashing everything in it. As the luckless fellow scrambled to his feet, Selfridge said, "Oh, he's not hurt—as I was just saying" . . . and he continued the conversation and we

walked along just as if a thousand dollars worth of Belgium art treasures had not been smashed into smithereens.

Selfridge didn't go back to inquire into the accident, neither did he refer to the mishap. And while I held my peace, I kept up a deal of thinking. And what I thought was this: the man who is not surprised nor disturbed by broken china or other accidents proves his fitness to manage the biggest enterprise of its kind in America. Had Selfridge gone back and started a series of questions, and indulged in reproof, with a few incidental groans at the loss, and a small bit of profanity for everybody involved, it wouldn't have replaced the glass.

It would, however, have increased the excitement, attracted others to the scene, and tended to clog the wheels of trade. And another thing, a good man cannot afford to let accidents disturb his peace of mind and unfit him for the work of the day.

Selfridge is managing a great business, and his problem is to get the system right. Let the man in charge of the Glassware Department look after his breakage, and so long as he shows a fair profit on the right side at the end of the year, why that is all there is about it.

We deal with principles, not accidents. Broken crockery? Who cares a damn for broken crockery? Isn't all crockery and glassware made to break? It is all foredoomed, and the fate of every fragile thing is fixed in the book of fate. Let them clean up the mess—and quickly too.—*The Philistine*.

### Heroes of the Engine-Room

Nobody who has not been to sea can imagine all the things that can happen to a ship's machinery nor properly estimate the cleverness and ingenuity used up in repairs. The youth who leaves his shop full of wonderful and costly machines has another complete education waiting for him at sea in the wonderful things that can be accomplished in time with a plain, ordinary hammer and chisel, a rather worn-out file, and a great deal of ingenuity. I should like to have been aboard that steamer disabled in the Red Sea, where they took a boat davit, straightened it out in a rivet forge, made a new boiler feed-pump piston-rod out of it, and went on

again—or, better still, on the ship that lost a propeller and the end of her tail-shaft off the west coast of Africa—to replace which they were obliged to move her cargo, pump her forward compartments full to sink her bow and raise her stern out of water, drag the broken shaft, several tons in weight, out through the long alley (too low and cramped to stand up in), plug up the hole behind it, drag in the spare shaft and couple it up, and lower the new propeller down over the stern—all while she kicked and wallowed in a heavy sea—and finally had to lower the chief engineer over after the propeller, where he sat tied to a flimsy staging making all fast and secure while the vessel bounced him up and down in the sea till he bled at the nose and ears, and the crew kept the sharks at bay with pistols and boat-hooks to prevent them from eating him up before he finished his job. That was a seventy-two hours in which the young and aspiring engineer might learn a host of valuable and interesting things!—From *Below the Water-Line*, by Benjamin Brooks, in *Scribner's*.

### Real and Sham Natural History

The growing demand for nature-books within the past few years has called forth a very large crop of these books, good, bad, and indifferent—books on our flowers, our birds, our animals, our butterflies, our ferns, our trees; books of animal stories, animal romances, nature-study books, and what not. There is a long list of them. Some of these books, a very small number, are valuable contributions to our natural history literature. Some are written to meet a fancied popular demand.

In Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' *Kindred of the Wild* one finds much to admire and commend, and but little to take exception to. The volume is in many ways the most brilliant collection of animal stories that has appeared. It reaches a high order of literary merit. . . .

But in Mr. Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known*, and in the recent work of his awkward imitator, the Rev. William J. Long, I am bound to say that the line between fact and fiction is repeatedly crossed, and that a deliberate attempt is made to induce the reader to cross, too, and to work such a spell upon him that he



This is not Joan of Arc, or Brynhilda, or a get-up for a fancy ball or the Lord Mayor's Show, but a design specially drawn by *The Gentlewoman* artist to supply the long-felt want of a costume in which to attend bargain Sales. So many ladies must have suffered from injuries to dress and temper, spine and shin, received during the rush for remnants, that it has occurred to us to suggest a dress that will render its wearer impervious to the attack of the most rampageous of her neighbors. There is no train to be pinned to the ground, no lace or veil to be tattered by the treacherous hat-pin, ribs and funny bones are well guarded against sharp elbows, and there is a serviceable crook and a neat little hook with which to grab and gaff the coveted article.—*The Gentlewoman*.

shall not know that he has crossed and is in the land of make-believe. Mr. Thompson Seton says in capital letters that his stories are true, and it is this emphatic assertion that makes the judicious grieve. True as romance, true in their artistic effects, true in their power to entertain the young reader, they certainly are; but true as natural history they as certainly are not. Are we to believe that Mr. Thompson Seton, in his few years of roaming in the West, has penetrated farther into the secrets of animal life than all the observers who have gone before him? There are no stories of animal intelligence and cunning on record, that I am aware of, that match his. Such dogs, wolves, foxes, rabbits, mustangs, crows, as he has known, it is safe to say, no other person in the world has ever known. Fact and fiction are so deftly blended in his work that only a real woodsman can separate them.

Take his story of the fox. Every hunter knows that the fox, when pursued by the hound, will often resort to devices that look like cunning tricks to confuse and mislead the dog. How far these devices are the result of calculation we do not know, but hunters generally look upon them as such. Thus a fox hotly pursued will run through a flock of sheep. This dodge probably delays the hound a little, but it does not often enable the fox to shake him. Mr. Thompson Seton goes several better, and makes his fox jump upon the back of a sheep and ride several hundred yards. Of course no fox ever did that. Again, the fox will sometimes take to the railroad track, and walk upon the rail, doubtless with the vague notion of eluding his pursuers. Mr. Thompson Seton makes his fox so very foxy that he deliberately lures the hounds upon a long trestle, where he knows they will be just in time to meet and be killed by a passing train, as they are. The presumption is that the fox had a watch and a time-table about his person. But such are the ways of romancers.—*John Burroughs, in The Atlantic Monthly.*

### Nan's Adventures Up to Date

It is a long time since a bit of doggerel has attracted so much attention as the jingle about "Nan of Nantucket," which originally appeared in the *Princeton Tiger*. All over the country the newspaper bards

have added new verses, until now the adventures of the mercenary Nan make quite a thrilling story. We quote the original lines, and a few of the most amusing additions:

There was once a man from Nantucket,  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,  
But his daughter, named Nan,  
Ran away with a man,  
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket—  
The man and the girl with the bucket;  
And he said to the man  
He was welcome to Nan,  
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhasset,  
Where he still held the cash as an asset:  
But Nan and the man  
Stole the money and ran,  
And as for the bucket, Manhasset.

—*New York Press.*

The pair then went on to Natick;  
When the man thought he might turn a trick,  
They had nothing to pawn,  
As the bucket was gone,  
And the people would give them Natick.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Pa's wife joined the party at Lima,  
So glum she appeared, they said, "Fie, ma."  
But she raved, "You well know  
That the bucket of dough  
Is mine." Nan exclaimed, "How you Lima."

—*New York Sun.*

So they beat their way up to Woonsocket,  
Where the judge found their names on the  
docket;

When 'twas over the man  
Remarked sadly to Nan:  
"Gee! Didn't the legal Woonsocket!"

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

But they came to the river Shetucket,  
And they still had the cash in the bucket;  
'Twas a sad, sad affair;  
Nan left the man there,  
And as for the bucket, Shetucket.

—*New Haven Register.*

Pa followed Nan to Jamaica,  
Where a copper did soon overtake her.

"Where's the bucket?" he cried.

"Won't tell," Nan replied.

Then Pa shouted, "Judge, won't Jamaica?"

—*Ex.*

With Nan's cash Pa lit out for Miami,  
But in jail he remarked, "Now, where am I?"

Nan said with a jeer:

"You're in jail, Pa, I fear."

And Pa sadly replied, "Oh, Miami!"

—*Ex.*

Nan's bucket was really a sack  
And she bundled it into a hack;

Pa weeps—good old man—

For a far-away Nan.

Her address now is, Nan, Hackensack.

—*New York Sun.*

—*Life.*

## The Millions of Misery Land

London's wealth is ever before us. It takes care that it shall be. But London's poverty is hidden away in vast areas of agony with which Rank and Wealth and Fashion are as unfamiliar as they are with Franz Joseph Land or Central Africa. The moment that a small contingent from the mean streets of working-class London reveals itself to the eyes of the West, there is an outcry. Fashion turns shuddering away, and complains of the men with the begging boxes; Wealth buttons its pockets, and calls upon the authorities to withdraw their countenance and the bodyguard of police from "a pack of impostors." And Fashion and Wealth are perhaps wise in their protest. If these unemployed workers are allowed to parade in search of sympathy, we may one day see all the lost legions of "the great abyss" crawling forth from the alleys and the slums to give the West an object lesson in the poverty that the great city hides away in its nooks and crannies. The women and the children, the one-room helots of unspeakable slums, the diseased and desperate outcasts of our great guilt-gardens, may form up in one mighty mass of misery, and surge into the crowded thoroughfares and aristocratic streets, which Fashion regards as its own.

Picture, if you can, London given up for one day, not to the gay pageants which on great occasions gladden our eyes and make our hearts swell with pride at the vastness of our Empire and the splendour of our Court, but to a dead march of London's lost ones. Crowd balcony and windows with rank and fashion, with the world of wealth and the middle-class well-to-do, give to the fair maidens and matrons who lead a life of pleasure and of ease the front places on the line of route. Then let the millions of Misery Land creep by! Such a spectacle, if it could be arranged, would be a revelation which would appall the stoutest heart, which would shock the national conscience as it has never been shocked before. From the windows and the balconies the women of luxury would shrink back trembling, white-faced, terrified. And the men, the busy gatherers of gold and the idle squanderers of it, would feel a shame that no written story of the city's want and woe has ever made them feel before. Even as one pictures what such a scene as this procession would

mean, one feels the horror of it. For the comfort of the prosperous citizen, that sort of thing must be kept within its own area, to be looked upon only by those who are of the company of woe.—George R. Sims, in *Men and Women*.

## The English Black List

The method by which the "black list" system is put in operation seems to be somewhat as follows. Upon the conviction of any person for drunkenness, if the Magistrate finds that the offender is an habitual drunkard within the meaning of the Act, then notice of the conviction, with certain other particulars as to the offender, are sent to the police authority of the area in which the Court is situated, and the drunkard is informed by the Magistrate that it will be an offence for him to obtain, or attempt to obtain, at any club or licensed premises, any intoxicating liquor for a period of three years. It will

### PORTRAITS (WHERE PROCURABLE) & DESCRIPTION OF HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.

NO. 1.

Name and alias—Matilda Jane Murray, known as Jane Murray.

Residence—Usually 5, Bennett-street, Tottenham-court-road.

Place of business or where employed—Tottenham-court-road.

Age—35.

Height—5ft. 11in.

Build—stout.

Complexion—sallow.

Hair—dark brown.

Eyes—blue.

Nose—straight.

Face—round.

Peculiarities or marks—face slightly pock-marked, scars over right eye-brow, right cheek and under chin.

Profession or occupation—flowerseller.

Date and nature of conviction—3rd January, 1903. Fined 40s. or 1 month impt. in default.

Court at which convicted—Marlborough-street.

Remarks—Frequents the neighbourhood of Tottenham-court-road.



### THE FIRST "BLACK LIST"

The above is a facsimile of the first black list by the police in connection with the new Licensing Act.



be illegal for the offender, either personally or by deputy, to buy even a bottle of wine or spirits at a grocer's shop. The police in the meantime will supply licensed persons and secretaries of clubs in the district with the means of identifying the proscribed person, and if, the means of identification being sufficient, drink is supplied to the offender at any club or licensed premises, heavy fines will be inflicted on those who supply it. The system appears at first sight an almost impossible one to work, but in practice this will not be found to be the case. The habitual drunkard, man or woman, is nearly always well known to the police, to the publican, and the grocer. He is certainly well known in his club. Word will be passed round by the police, and the offender will be absolutely shut off from alcohol.

Statistics seem to show that drunkenness is hardly less frequent among women than among men, while fifty years ago it

was much less frequent. The effects of drinking upon women are much worse and more lasting than they are upon men. Women, the Royal Commission declares, lose self-control far sooner than men, and become habitual drunkards very rapidly. The "black list" will therefore have a peculiar application to such cases. A woman will reflect before she enters upon a course that will inevitably and rapidly end in a wretchedness and a public disgrace which she can readily realize.—*The Spectator*.

## The Passing of the Horse

The coming of the motor means an absolute change in the nature and conditions of passenger traffic in cities. The cab-horse and the omnibus-horse will soon be extinct as the megatherium—to the satisfaction of every lover of horses. The public motor phaeton for fine weather, with a closing body for wet weather, has been long in coming, but it will arrive with a rush. The luxurious electric brougham, weighing a ton or more, simply devouring costly electrical energy, and unfitted to go outside London limits, does not touch this problem, being merely for the pleasure of the wealthy. But the neat, quiet, quick, comfortable little car, seating two besides the driver, and charging sixpence a mile, will sweep the awkward and dangerous hansoms from the street. An excellent motor omnibus has just made its appearance in London, and from the moment that its speed, reliability, and comfort are proved, that utter abomination of locomotion, the 'bus, the despair of all students of traffic problems, is doomed.

For my own part, I am convinced that ten years hence there will not be a horse left in the streets of London—except the few kept purely for pleasure and pride in their beauty and strength, and for police and military purposes. Their disappearance will have three results: first, twice as much traffic can be accommodated in any area; second, the streets, no longer subjected to the pounding of their iron-shod hoofs, will be smooth and quiet, and will last incomparably longer—to the saving of the ratepayers' money; and third, there will not be 5,000 tons of manure deposited in London every day, to be collected and



### ANCESTRAL PRIDE

You say you 'ave a father and a mother. Well, wot of it? (Part of an argument overheard in the street.)—*The London Tailor*.



carted away, filling the air with ammoniacal odors, and the lungs with poisonous dust, and costing an enormous yearly sum.

I am even inclined to go a step further, and hazard the opinion that the motor will kill the tramway. Why should the community pay a huge sum per mile for a special roadway for tram-cars and a huge generating station, when self-propelled motor omnibuses, of equal speed, comfort, capacity, and economy can use the common road, and, by their ability to be steered round obstacles, not interfere with the rest of the traffic? Overhead electric wires carrying high voltages are ugly and dangerous; no sub-surface system of electric traction has yet proved its success. I am convinced that municipalities would consult their own interests by carefully considering the introduction of motor omnibuses before embarking upon the heavy initial cost of an electrical tramway system, which may quite likely be obsolete before their depreciation fund has been charged a dozen times.—*Henry Norman, in The World's Work (English edition).*

### Is Hell being Neglected?

Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, feels that hell is being unduly neglected by the clergy. In a mid-lenten sermon in Syracuse he expressed his conviction that there was a place for hell, and that it was there, and that self-indulgent persons whose habits and conduct were not good would some day have a painful personal experience of it. Hell has at times been much overdone. It has been described as hotter and more continuous than the human imagination can endure, and overmuch freedom has been used in forecasting its population. No hell that contains unbaptized infants or persons who died casually and unintentionally unregenerate will wash in these times. An eternity of hell as a consequence of misconduct of limited continuance also seems to modern minds an improbable dispensation. But the idea that evil-doers who manage to avoid punishment in this life are going to get off altogether does not commend itself to the average observer's sense of fitness. Almost every one believes in God, and every intelligent believer in God must believe in eternal justice. Somewhere, somehow, the odds come even, and all crops are harvested. Without hell, or its

equivalent, we average observers cannot see how final justice is going to be done. A good deal of the time the way of the transgressor is hard in this life, but some transgressors play their game so ably as to elude all obvious penalties, and make a show of having a good time as long as they live. The religious mind is confident that there must be appliances somewhere for getting even with these persons.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### The Garb of the Diplomat

Mr. Eugene Schuyler, in his *History of American Diplomacy*, points out that the only lawful costume for American ambassadors at foreign courts is a total lack of any clothing whatsoever. This singular situation results from the action



IT IS CLAIMED THAT AMERICAN DIPLOMATS SHOULD WEAR UNIFORMS IN ACCORD WITH THE STYLE OF THE FOREIGN COURTS.—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

of Congress, which in 1867 passed a law, still on the statute books, forbidding American diplomats to wear "any uniform or official costume not previously authorized by Congress." But Congress neither previously nor since authorized any costume at all, so the American diplomatist is compelled to either ignore the law or appear in a condition which would make even the "shirt sleeve diplomacy" of which the British accused Secretary Olney respectable.

The matter has present pertinence because our ambassadors at St. Petersburg and Vienna have been inventing court

costumes for themselves which dazzle with gold lace. "The simple dress of an American citizen" which Secretary Marcy prescribed for our envoys was never particularly popular with them, and has become much less so since the ambassadorships have become the reward of millionaires who contribute lavishly to campaign funds. They want to get as far away from the simplicity of the plain American citizen as possible—that is why they seek posts in a service which is purely ornamental. Since the invention of the cable the old diplomacy is dead. All of it that remains is its fuss and feathers, and it would be cruel to deprive the American representatives of the feathers. Attack, if any is made, should be on the whole diplomatic establishment, which exists only to furnish spectacular places for rich men and their sons, and to open the gates of European society to traveling American millionaires.—*The Pilgrim*.

## The Ideal Woman

### The Eighteenth Century View

The feminine ideal of the Georgian period may best be defined as an interesting compound of moral perfection and intellectual deficiency. A study of the allusions to this complex personality in the literature of her own day teaches us that she was required to be, before all things, a "womanly woman," meek, timid, trustful, clinging, yielding, unselfish, helpless, and dependent, robust in neither body nor mind, but rather "fine by defect and amiably weak."

But the ideal woman, in spite of her convalescent floweriness, was expected to be a thoroughly practical domestic sort of person, "not learned save in gracious household ways," yet abounding in good sense and judgment, those darling qualities of the eighteenth century. The most flattering epitaph that could have been inscribed upon her tombstone was the touching tribute, "She was born a woman, and died a housekeeper." She was also, needless to say, a model wife and mother. She always married if she had the opportunity, because there was practically no other career open to her; but even if there had been, she would have considered a loveless marriage infinitely more respectable than the pursuit of a congenial pro-

fession. She cherished no foolish sentimental ideas about waiting for her affinity, but when an eligible suitor presented himself, she felt that it was her duty to love him, or, at any rate, to marry him. Her married life might be unhappy, but that was of trifling consequence, since her chief occupation, outside her household duties, lay in the practice of patience and the performance of self-sacrifice.

The ideal woman was convinced that the home was her sole sphere of action, and that her interests and sympathies should be bounded by the kitchen on one side and the store-cupboard on the other. She was never, we are assured, dissatisfied with her lot, never revolted against the conditions of her life, never desired independence, either of thought or action, but was always contented to remain a burden on her male relations. She never criticised the other sex, nor claimed equality with them, but cheerfully acquiesced in the theory of feminine inferiority. She is said to have regarded her men-folk with respectful admiration, to have accepted their judgments in a spirit of childlike faith, and to have obeyed their edicts with unquestioning submission. In short, to borrow the phrase of the immortal Vicar, she left all argument to her husband, and he never disputed her ability to make goose-pie.—*George Paston, in Side-Lights on the Georgian Period* (Dutton).

### The Twentieth Century View

The ideal woman is a woman without an ideal. She is easy to live with. She is worth living for. She is worth dying for. She is the high light in the charcoal drawing of humanity—man being the charcoal. She is the skylight in the edifice of the human life. She has no history. She has no story. She is the rhythm which transforms the prose of life into poetry. She wears a reasonable hat at matinées. She is too clever to talk of woman's rights; she takes them. She wears frocks that match her hair; she does not dye her hair to match her frocks.

She is the Sphinx that smiles at the trouble man takes to unravel the mystery of the Pyramids when he might be doing something with the money in it.

She helps her husband to build up a future for himself, and never seeks to rake up his past. She believes that a theory is



### AN ARCHBISHOP OF NONCONFORMITY

The Rev. Reginald John Campbell, who has been elected to the pastorate of the City Temple in succession to the late Dr. Parker, was born in London in 1867. He is therefore only thirty-six years of age, and notwithstanding this he holds a position which is undoubtedly the blue ribbon of English Nonconformity. The first twelve years of his life he spent in Ireland, and he is of Scoto-Irish extraction. He has been a student of Christ Church College, Oxford, and at one time contemplated taking orders in the Church of England. Since 1894 he has been minister of the Union Square Church, Brighton.—*The Sphere*.

the paper fortress of the immature, and that a clergyman may still be a man. She knows that when men talk about a woman being good-looking they mean that she is well-dressed, though they don't know it. She does not insist upon her husband's eating up the cucumber sandwiches left over from one of her parties; she eats them herself and suffers in silence.

She is not such a fool as to fancy that any one is ever convinced by argument. She does not reason. She loves. She does not believe that a man can love only once, or only one. She herself prefers loving much to loving many. She believes that the first woman was a hieroglyphic inscription, and that every woman is but a "squeeze" of Eve. She knows that the key to the inscription is love. She knows that every real woman is the ideal woman, the fact being that every idea of the ideal woman is wholly dependent on the idealist, and every woman who is idolized is idealized.—*Mr. Frankfort Moore in Mrs. F. H. Williamson's "Book of Beauty."*

### Answers to Correspondents

Madam Yelle, the world-renowned beauty specialist and authority upon all matters pertaining to the heart or wardrobe, will cheerfully answer questions referred to her by our readers. Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

"DEAR MADAM:—Noticing your helpful hints to the troubled, I write to ask you if you won't please plan a nice fall suit for me. I have about the house three flour-sacks and four nice gunny sacks. How can I make them up? "LILLY BELLE."

Thank you for your kind words. Rip the sacks at the seams and press carefully with a lukewarm iron. Make the burlap into a seven-gored skirt, strapping the seams with the flour-sacking and finishing the ends with rosettes of ooze calf. Make a bolero jacket of the flour-sacking, strapping the seams with the burlap. A row of China buttons around the edge of the jacket gives a very Frenchy touch.

"DEAR MADAM:—I am a young man about to butt into society. In other words, I am going to be mar-

ried. I have never been married before nor seen anybody else being married. How much shall I give the minister? Would it be proper for me to wear a bicycle suit? What time shall I get to her house and where shall I go when I get there? I have been much troubled over these questions, and am afraid to ask my friends for fear they will laugh at me.

"WILL."

"P.S.—Can you get me a pass for self and wife to Chicago?"

Now, Will, do not get nervous over the step you are about to take. Keep a cool head and you will come out all right.

Your fee to the minister depends upon your circumstances, but I would not give him less than a quarter. If you can afford five dollars, do so—but do not give it to him in nickels. Such a display would be vulgar.

It would not be considered improper for you to wear a dress suit at your wedding. It seems to us it would be preferable to the bicycle suit. Under no circumstances wear a sweater. Evening clothes may now be hired quite reasonably and are much worn by smart society.

Do not reach the bride's house before sun-up if it is to be an evening wedding. Upon arriving do not clutter up the rooms with your presence, but go at once to the cellar, where you will remain cool and collected until you are needed.

The editor is using the business manager's pass, so I cannot accommodate you.—*Caroline Lockhart, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

### Mr. Whistler's Theories and His Art

Of recent years there has arisen a cry of "art for art's sake"—that is to say, art in the form, color, and workmanship, but not in the thought or subject—and many artists have given their unqualified support to the dogma. In upholding the charm of the decorative they are prone to deny charm to anything and everything else. Form and color, they alone make a picture, and all else is philistine sentiment—the very leather and prunello of art. . . .

Mr. Whistler, speaking for painting, is scarcely less extravagant than the writers. "As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the

subject-matter has nothing to do with the harmony of sound or of color. Art should stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like." Thus Mr. Whistler; and again there is a measure of pungent pertinence in the remark. Painting should appeal primarily to "the artistic sense of the eye,"

dungeon scene from "Faust"? Why do we become emotional or sentimental or romantic over a symphony by Beethoven? If we wish meaningless sound we must take the æolian harp or the hum of the wind through the pine needles or the roar of the sea breaking on the beach; and perhaps each of these seems beautiful to us largely because it suggests something like a human moan or wail.



JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

—*Pall Mall Magazine*

but not necessarily to that alone. There is no reason why it should not have a meaning and express a feeling or a sentiment about something besides form and color. Even music appeals to something more than the ear. It suggests a feeling, an association. If it be true that it has no idea or sentiment, why do we grow sad over Siegfried's Death March, or elated over that last upward burst of song in the

Just so there may be a suggestion or meaning behind the most decorative of pictures. Every picture, if it be coherent at all, illustrates, represents, or expresses some fact, thought, or feeling. However shadowy the trees of the no-subject artist, however vague and ghost-like the figures of a symphonist in paint, we see and recognize the trees and the figures.

Mr. Whistler may call one of his small



canvases of the open sea a symphony in blue or gray, or catalogue it by any other fantastic name he chooses; but the fact remains that his few touches of the brush give us not only the form and color of the sea, but suggest to us the great ocean tossing after storm—rolling moodily under gray skies. The painter intended that such a meaning should be suggested. If he had not defined his sea and sky so that we could recognize them, his canvas might still be a pretty piece of blue and gray, and it might be a "symphony"; but it would not be a picture. It would not picture anything; it would be merely pigment again.—*John C. Van Dyke, in The Meaning of Pictures* (Scribner's).

### A Gladstone Post-Card

Mr. Gladstone was the first statesman to adopt the post-card as a regular method of communication, and it would be quite possible to form a collection of his post-cards epitomizing his opinion on many subjects. Probably no other statesman than Mr. Gladstone would have discussed on a card as open as a poster, signed with his

*Dear Sir my opinions are  
decidedly favourable to such  
writing but the authorship of  
articles written myself only  
which would be a waste of my life  
written with the intention of  
being read: this was only for a time,  
and only because the obtaining  
of my personalty would at  
the moment as I thought be of  
positive unbecoming.*

*Lord Brougham was, in person  
of understanding this even more so  
the newspapers. The point is diffi-  
cult: but there is much to be said  
in favour of his view.*

*Yours very faithfully*

*Wm Gladstone  
Sept. 14. 84*

name in full, the pros and cons of such a question of public interest as the signing or non-signing of articles in newspapers and magazines. Yet it will be seen from the post-card reproduced on this page that the G. O. M. did not hesitate to give his opinion on this matter through a channel which is generally reserved for the interchange of commonplaces among friends.—*The Tatler.*

### The Gospel of Thackeray

Thackeray, from the beginning of his life until the end, consistently and seriously preached a gospel. His gospel, like all deep and genuine ones, may be hard to sum up in a phrase, but if we wished so to sum it up we could hardly express it better than by saying that it was the philosophy of the beauty and the glory of fools. He believed as profoundly as St. Paul that in the ultimate realm of essential values God made the foolish things of the earth to confound the wise. He looked out with lucent and terrible eyes upon the world with all its pageants and achievements; he saw men of action, he saw men of genius, he saw heroes; and amid men of action, men of genius and heroes, he saw with absolute sincerity only one thing worth being—a gentleman. And when we understand what he meant by the phrase, the absolute sufficiency of a limpid kindness or noble memories and a readiness for any minute self-sacrifice, we may, without any affected paradox, but rather with serious respect, sum up Thackeray's view of life by saying that amid all the heroes and geniuses he saw only one thing worth being—a fool.

The real falsehood—if there be a falsehood—of Thackeray's view of the world was, in fact, the very opposite of that cynicism and worldliness once attributed to him. In so far as he did misrepresent life, it was rather in the direction of showing too much bold disdain of Vanity Fair and too much absolute faith in the saints, his unworldly women and his easily swindled gentlemen. There are, of course, exceptions, or what may appear to be exceptions, to such a generalization. So deep and genuine was Thackeray's insight into the normal human spirit that he detected this element of idealism where it might least be expected. This was the greatness of Thackeray, the man whom



sentimentalists without hearts or stomachs have conceived as a mere satirist, that he felt, perhaps, more fully and heavily than any other Englishman, the immeasurable and almost unbearable emotion that is involved in the mere fact of human life. Dickens, with his indestructible vanity and boyishness, is always looking forward. Thackeray is always looking back in life. And no man will ever properly comprehend him until he has reached for a moment that state of the soul in which melancholy is the greatest of all the joys.—G. K. Chesterton, in *The Bookman*.

## The Undying Energy of France

There recently appeared from the pen of a very distinguished Frenchman, M. Hanotaux, a book entitled *L'Energie Française*. That title might form a text for any survey of France; a peculiar sort of abundant energy is the main characteristic of the people. It is like a natural force working at a high potential, which must find an outlet. That outlet may be useful or wasteful; it may be utterly destructive, like a flash of lightning, or it may be harnessed like a powerful electric current. But energy of an abundant and even of a furious kind has for 2,000 years, ever since the Gauls made their first great expedition eastward, throughout history, in their civil wars, in their crusades, and in their more recent rapid applications of material discovery, always been the characteristic of this people.

Now that energy is conditioned in modern times by the prodigious event which we call the Franco-Prussian war. It is that which has turned aside, canalized, and transformed all that we had previously known concerning the nature of French activity. For the first time in history, at least for many hundred years, French energy has been turned inwards. For the first time the frontier has been made a defensive frontier, and for the first time the economics of the French have been made intensive—that is, their economic energy has applied itself not so much to expanding the material at hand as to bringing it to a greater value. The population does not increase, but its education—that is, the efficiency of the unit population—has increased enormously. The area of the country cannot increase, but the value does, and the whole policy of the French,



### SATISFACTORY TO EVERYONE

Captain—Here, referee, my men say they'll murder you after the match if you declare us the losers.

Referee—Yes; and as the other side say the same, it's pretty evident to me this game will be a draw.

—Pick-Me-Up.

political and social, for thirty years has been turned to heightening the fabric of their society rather than to increasing its site.

It is this which has led to a reform by which the single University of Paris has been raised from a small and inefficient body to a corporation which teaches more men than Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow combined. It is this which has tripled the amount of industrial horsepower at work in the industry of the country, which has led the reform in artillery that all other nations are now following, which has doubled the railway mileage of the country, and has also created a new colonial empire. It is this that has trained a third of a million men to handle guns, more than half a million to ride as cavalry, and two million or more to march in a full kit of over forty pounds. There is nothing unique in all this, save that it has followed a defeat the parallel of which does not exist in modern history.

To study the conditions of modern

France it is necessary to appreciate the date one must take for a starting-point. Till 1875 the nation was merely recovering from the war in the most material things. During the first three of those years foreign garrisons still held certain posts. Till 1877—twenty-five years ago—its policy was not formed, its political direction was not taken; nearly everything that has been done has been done in these twenty-five years; and these twenty-five years are the least known and the least understood of all French history.—*Hilaire Belloc* in *The London Daily Mail*.

### The Deadly Parallel

A characteristic feature of *Truth*, Labouchère's journal of Anti-Sham, is the column in which, week after week, he pillories the vagaries of the Justice Shallows among the English local magistrates who hold life cheaper than property. Their leniency in dealing with violent assaults and gross cruelty is strikingly contrasted with their severity towards the heinous crimes of sleeping out, poaching, and petty larceny.

Doncaster Borough Police - court. Fred Sharp, charged with assaulting Margaret Meers. Defendant, who had just come out of a public-house, struck the woman in the face, knocking her down. Fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

Nottingham Borough Police - court. Before Messrs. J. T. Forman and F. J. Bradley. George Raynor, convicted of assaulting Samuel Wallace. He struck complainant on the head with a poker, inflicting two severe wounds. Fined 20s.

Dudley Police-court. Albert Downing, charged with cruelty to a donkey. The animal was in a feeble and emaciated condition, and was attached to a cart, which it was unable to draw. Defendant belabored it unmercifully with a stick, the blows being heard 100 yards away. Fined 10s. and costs.

Westbury Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. C. N. P. Phipps, G. H. Knight, J. Treasure, and W. H. Laverton. George Hardy and William Blake, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 each and costs, or one month.

Wonford Petty Sessions, Exeter. Before Sir Dudley Duckworth-King, and other magistrates. Charles Coleman pleaded guilty to taking rabbits by night. Three months and a further three months in default of finding sureties that he would not so offend again for a year.

Devon Quarter Sessions. Before Viscount Ebrington and other magistrates. John Tucker, charged with stealing a pair of shoes from a shop. Six months.

Totnes Petty Sessions. Emma Goss, a married woman with an infant in her arms, convicted of stealing potatoes, value 9d., from a field. Two months.

Sedgley Police-court. John Randall, convicted of assaulting Joseph Flavell by knocking him down and rendering him insensible. Fined 26s.

Perth Police-court. Before Bailie Watson. Wm. Harris, convicted of a savage and unprovoked assault upon a woman. He struck her on the back of her head and knocked her down. Fined 30s.

Shepton Mallet Police-court. Henry Chinnock, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Three months.

Liverpool City Police-court. Two newsboys charged with trespassing at the Exchange Station. They were standing about the archway at the entrance selling evening papers. Fined 40s. and costs each, or one month.

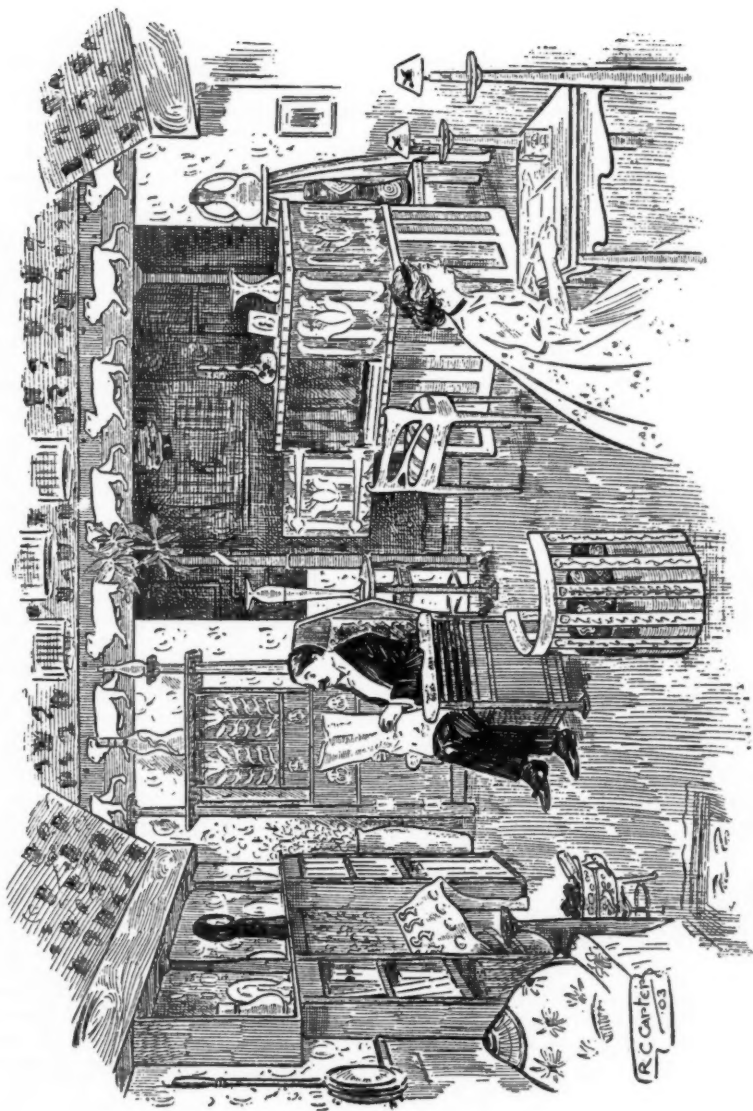
### The Personal Note in Furniture

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition has received some very sharp and well-deserved criticism. Evidently there is need of more vigorous direction, a better understood program, and greater severity of the members toward one another, if the society is not to fall into discredit. On the other hand, the general idea of the society, that of grouping the various applied arts, of giving a lead in their design, and the reward of recognition to good work, is a right one, and it would be a pity if the attempt were to fail by sheer flabbiness.

In the matter of furniture and of all articles of old-established use it should be remembered that the margin left for originality and invention is a small one; only delicate variation is called for. To be very "personal" over a chair is to be an ass; the possible and desirable variations have been pretty well exhausted. A man may, at this time of day, distinguish himself in hat design, either by suppressing the brim altogether or by making the hat all brim and no crown. He will do that only if he has no head to put inside of it. So in tables and chairs "art nouveau" is a contradiction; if "nouveau," it cannot be "art"; it must be an adoption of all that designers in the past considered and then threw on the dust-heap.—*D. S. MacColl*, in *The London Saturday Review*.

### Henrik Ibsen

Ibsen's work is done. He has fought his battles and said his say. To-day he is one of the very few living men—two or three or four—whose claims to literary mastership are recognized by the foremost



THE LATEST STYLE OF ROOM DECORATION.—THE ROOM MADE BEAUTIFUL  
According to the "Arts and Crafts"—Punch

thinkers and critics of all civilized countries. He can hardly add to his fame, and it is unlikely that he will try to do so by adding another play to the long series that reaches from the youthful *Cataline*, of 1857, down to *When We Dead Awaken*, which the author himself has called "a dramatic epilogue."

As a man who dares to doubt everything but his own right of doubting, Ibsen has been able to touch the nerve-strings of the ethical and spiritual life of his own day. Whether he was liked or disliked, welcomed or cursed, he cared but little, so long as he was listened to. Wherever he was heard



HENRIK IBSEN

—*Harper's Weekly*

men were compelled to think. But men do not like to think, least of all under compulsion. No wonder, therefore, that Ibsen's popularity with the average man has always been small.

The message repeated over and again by him has been, "Be true to thyself." To live his own life according to his own nature is the highest duty of every man. To be false to oneself is the unforgivable sin. From that sin spring sorrows and sufferings and humiliations. In *Peer Gynt*, the play in which Ibsen has spoken more directly and more frankly to his own people than anywhere else, the hero's motto is "Be

thyself," and the King of the Mountain Imps endeavors vainly to make him exchange it for "Be sufficient unto thyself," which is the motto of the Trolls—the dark spirits inside and outside of man.

Whatever the sum of Ibsen's direct influence on his fellow-men, it dwirdles into insignificance when compared with the influence he has exerted indirectly, through other artists, who, consciously or unconsciously, have become his followers and pupils.

This will become truer still of the artists of a younger day. It is hard to imagine a great future for a budding playwright who would pass proudly by the author of *Ghosts* and *Rosmersholm* and *John Gabriel Borkman*, thinking that by communion with him there could be nothing to gain. There is much in Ibsen's position that reminds us of Balzac and Flaubert. To a large extent he is and will ever be a writer for the writers. The mass may fail to grasp his message, whether it relates to life or to art, but his fellow-craftsmen will read it and profit by it. The number of those who go to his pages for guidance and inspiration will increase constantly. This is equally true with regard to form and substance, thought, and the technique used to express it. It seems safe to say that Ibsen's work will form the foundation of the twentieth-century drama. This is already recognized in Germany and in most of the other European countries outside of England. And the day is not far distant when the truth of it will be recognized here and in England also.—*Harper's Weekly*.

### Maeterlinck and Marcus Aurelius

Just as, on the side of his plays, Maeterlinck is often called the Belgian Shakespeare, so on the side of his prose writings, concerned as they are with ethical and spiritual considerations, he is frequently referred to as the modern Marcus Aurelius, and, as we think, with a considerably greater degree of truth. Shakespeare lived in an age of buoyant youth, when the problems of life seemed simple and the imagination a sufficient instrument for the redemption of the world. Maeterlinck and Marcus Aurelius represent ages of disillusionment, of world-

weariness, in which religion and poetry, and even science, have successfully failed to increase perceptibly the sum of human happiness, men turn disheartened from a fatality which seems to pursue them in the physical world, insolent, irrational, and inevitable, to a little world within themselves in which they try to realize a happiness independent of circumstances as well as of ultimate reward.

The ethical significance of Maeterlinck lies in his attempt to justify on the grounds of this higher happiness the ancient call of man's conscience to right living, to show the truth in the highest spiritual sense of the old adage that to be happy one must be good; and that such happiness as consciousness of rectitude brings is alone permanent, satisfying, and as inevitable in its sphere as natural law is in the world without. With him this ethical doctrine—the reflowering of the finest pagan moral philosophy taking root in an age whose soil of disillusionment is so like that in which it flourished under the lofty rule of the great emperor-philosopher—takes on a peculiarly modern form and expression. It is the result of a curious combination of mysticism and positivism, of a desire to see in the spirit the sole reality, and of a conviction that the spirit itself has connections with that real world which it seeks to repudiate.—*Wm. Aspenwall Bradley in The Ethical Record.*

### Secularizing Charity

The splendid and unquestioned beneficence of the Christian religion in practice, whatever intellectual shortcomings the critical may find in its theology—this has long been the most powerful argument of the apologist, and the greatest actual commendation of the Christian church to those who look off widely upon the needs of society. Christian life carries today most of the burden of Christian dogma. In these circumstances it is not, perhaps, surprising that certain church people are alarmed at what they think a growing tendency to withdraw charity from the hands of ecclesiastical administrators. They see on all sides the multiplication of non-sectarian and secular institutions of a charitable nature.

Modern charity, to be most effective, has often to be on a colossal scale. To

finance it is almost like financing a big corporation. The same thing follows, with even greater certainty, in the case of charities conducted by the State. Under our system they must be undenominational and without direct religious control. But what we have to remember is that the State and the city are all the while assuming larger and larger charitable functions. The work of relief, of reform, of care for the crippled, the blind, the insane, which used to be so almost exclusively left to private hands or to the churches, is now taken over on a constantly enlarging scale by the public authorities. We could not wish it otherwise. Who can regret seeing the municipal government take on more and more of the attitude of a watchful and solicitous guardian and protector of the poor and the sick? It is a necessary part of public duty in the modern conception. State, or city, that turned a deaf ear to the cry of its own children would incur shame.—*New York Evening Post.*

### A Seventeenth Century Wooing

This Mr. Danvers . . . did so much affect him that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters . . . but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen. This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dantsey; yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love, having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist, insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after the first interview. This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they



had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies; . . . that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more because it proved so happy to both parties; for the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot and continued in them such a mutual love and joy and content, as was no way defective, yet this mutual content and love and joy did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.—*From Izaak Walton's Memoir of George Herbert, printed in the new edition of Herbert's Poems.*

## The Secret of American Success

Not quite confident where they are exactly, the Americans make a bold shot and declare they are first. This, indeed, is the perpetual song of the newspapers. In England we constantly tell one another Great Britain is going to the devil. Americans always tell one another America is the leading nation on the face of the earth. An English manufacturer receives a big order and is not at all desirous other firms in the same line should know it. When an American manufacturer receives an order it is blared to the world, and he is interviewed. The English manufacturer has ideas about "reserve" and "dignity." The American sticks all his goods in his shop-window for the world to gaze at. He is cocksure; he is buoyant; he is absolutely certain of success. So, breezily, with slapdash rush, "joshing"—not being



Mistress—So you want me to read this love-letter to you?

Maid—If ye plaze, Mam. And I've brought ye some cotton-wool ye can stuff in yer ears while ye rade it!—*Punch.*

accurate in his facts—he pushes ahead in a way that startles the Englishman.

The American manufacturer has vim and something of the gambler in him. He is thirsty for new ideas; he is daring. Where the Englishman would hesitate and think and calculate, the American will plunge, neck or nothing, at a venture. He can see ahead further than the Englishman. In British works new machinery is fitted up when the old has begun to wear out or when nearly everybody else has it and it is necessary to have it also if trade is to be held. Those are not the considerations which weigh with the American manufacturer. His constant criticism against his cousin on this side of the Atlantic is that the Britisher doesn't know the value of a scrap-heap. An American will spend, say, £30,000 in putting in the latest machinery. Six months later some fresh appliance which will do more work and quicker is invented. He does not wait till the machinery he has put in is worn out before adopting the new invention. The machinery fitted six months back may hardly have got into proper working order. But he rips the lot out, he "scrap-heaps" it, and has the very latest machinery. He sees ahead. He sees how he has thrown away £30,000; but he also sees the gaining of £100,000.

I readily recognize there is a stress and a strain in American industrial life which suggests the inquiry, whether, after all, the prize is worth the struggle? I have often shuddered at the thought of what is likely to be the effect on the race of making millions of workers little other than machines. Now and then I have been unable to restrain an open smile at the tremendous conceit of the American manufacturer and his colossal ignorance about things European. But it is not by pooh-poohing his braggadocio, nor by moralizing about the grinding conditions of labor, nor by complacently saying British ways are good enough for us, that British manufacturers will stem the tide which is more than threatening fields of commerce we had considered exclusively our own. It is not sufficient to point to the fact that British trade is increasing, and so dismiss foreign competition as the nightmare of pessimists. Increase of trade can only be considered comparatively. And while we crawl, America bounds.—*John Foster Fraser in The Nineteenth Century.*

## Telegraphing Pictures

The electrograph is the first machine ever invented that has made it possible to telegraph half-tone pictures. Heretofore, there has been no way of sending pictures except by mail or express, a circumstance causing them to arrive at distant points a day late; but with this wonderful new instrument the picture service is instantaneous. It has flashed half-tone news cuts successfully all over the country. This process will revolutionize pictorial journalism. It represents five years of patient labor on the part of its two inventors, H. R. Palmer, a young mechanical



AN ELECTROGRAPH PICTURE

engineer of Cleveland, Ohio, and Thomas Mills, a practical electrician, and many more years of experimenting by other ambitious inventors.

The electrograph takes little more space than a typewriting machine. From the photograph of a man, a landscape, an interior, a ship launching, or any other subject or event, a plate of zinc is made through a coarse screen. This plate is bent around the cylinder of the transmitting machine. A stylus of steel is clamped in a device like a sounder. The plate is flooded with wax



THE DAILY CHRONICLE



THE DAILY TELEGRAPH



THE TIMES



THE MORNING POST



THE DAILY NEWS

# NEWSPAPERS PERSONIFIED

—The English Illustrated Magazine

and rubbed off, leaving dots exposed. The machine is moved like a small electric motor, and the distant receiving machine moves simultaneously. In passing over the wax the stylus comes in contact with only the higher portions of the plate, and an electrical connection is established. These interrupted connections may be compared to the dots and dashes of the Morse code, and are transmitted, like that code, by means of a circuit-closing key.

At the other end of the wire a similar cylinder revolves in unison with that at the sending point. To a device like that which holds the common pin is attached a steel pen which is automatically filled with ink. When the pin touches a higher point on the picture plate, the pen touches the artist's paper on the receiving cylinder, and writes there an exact reproduction of the coarse lines of the plate, with white spots corresponding to the waxed parts of the plate.

The resulting black-ink picture on the paper looks, on close scrutiny, like a rough impressionistic sketch of somewhat vague design; but held a few feet away, it becomes a picture in the shape and meaning it suddenly takes. After it goes through the familiar photo-engraving process, like any photograph or pen-and-ink sketch, the resulting half-tone plate makes a clean, strong print in a newspaper.—*The World Today*.

## The Personality of Newspapers

More than forty years ago a famous English statesman was shown a cartoon representing the *Times* newspaper as a fierce old gentleman wielding a club. "Tut, tut, my dear sir," slyly remarked the Premier to the painter, "you should have drawn an old lady brandishing an umbrella!"

To a foreigner, somewhat versed in English customs and language, or to a catholic observer who dips impartially into all newspapers at his club, there is a fascination in attempting to study and define the characteristics of those great journals of which Englishmen are justly proud. He soon learns to divide off into distinct groups the adherents of each journal, as partaking of its doctrines and peculiar ways of thought, each group becoming assimilated, as it were, to his or her favorite newspaper. A newspaper, although

the truth is not so widely recognized as it deserves to be, has a character altogether independent of those who happen to own it, or write for it.

A Parisian on being shown the *Times* for the first time invariably exclaims, "How large!" and next, "How do you find enough to fill it?" He soon discovers that it is chiefly filled up with foreign telegrams and speeches.

Strange as it may seem, the English and the French resemble one another in their scant interest in actuality. Events which in America would be considered worthy of blazoning forth to the extent of ten columns with terrifying headlines, the *Times* gravely dismisses as worthy only of an obscure paragraph. It is in reference to this peculiarity that Mark Twain in one of his books declares that "If Chicago, Boston, and St. Louis were to be burnt down again, the London *Times* would print a paragraph about it, under the heading 'Remarkable Triple Conflagration in America.'"

The style of the *Daily Telegraph* is, in truth, celebrated all over the world. Daily Telegraphese has passed into a household phrase. It is euphemistic, it is rich in metaphors and adjectives. The *Telegraph* is essentially a home paper; it interests itself in social problems and the homely side of life. Now and then it throws wide open its columns to the world, prepared to receive opinions upon questions relating to the chimney-corner aspect of life, the most successful of these in late years being "Is Marriage a Failure?" "Should Wives Work?" and "What shall we do with our Daughters?" The *Telegraph* is a journal after Dickens' own heart, and, in turn, it may be said never to forget the debt it owes to the great novelist and portrayer par excellence of homely life. It never allows a week to pass without making a reference to his writings, and every member of the staff is expected to acquaint himself fully with all the Master's creations, from *Pickwick* to *Edwin Drood*. The *Telegraph* goes in largely for cricket and outdoor sports, melodrama, and holiday haunts, and it is staunchly Conservative in its politics. It is its proud boast that it was the first to discover woman as a newspaper-reading animal, and the late Mr. Trail used to relate with gusto the remark made to him by Mr. Sala when a column entitled "The Latest

Fashions" found its way into the paper: "My God, Trail, we'd better give up business—there's no room for you and me here. They've turned the 'D. T.' over to the dressmakers!"

The *Daily Chronicle* is the most democratic and the least academic of the London journals of high position; it is fond of books, art, and drama; it has all the culture of the self-made man, and interests itself seriously in social questions. It is innately Radical, but at times it shows a lamentable tendency to dissimulation and a desire to be content with things as they are.

A journal that is serious, but is not always taken seriously, is the *Daily News*. It is odd to reflect that it is this paper and not the *Telegraph* which had for its first editor the author of *Pickwick*. Not but that many Dickens traditions are yet preserved in Bouverie Street; nor has the character he then gave the *Daily News* altogether disappeared; but it never deals with life humorously or in a spirit of rancour. It possesses an excitable temperament, and can on occasion work itself up into a ferment of enthusiasm or indignation.

One writer, still living, has confessed that the *Morning Post* "took out all your adjectives," wherein we see a difference between it and the *Telegraph*. The *Morning Post* is profoundly interested in society affairs, and has lately made a specialty of the British Empire. It is dilettante in the treatment of art and literature.—*Serge Nelidoff*, in *The English Illustrated Magazine*.

### If the Stock Markets Were Closed

Suppose for a moment that the stock markets of the world were closed, that it was no longer possible to learn what railways were paying dividends, what their stocks were worth, how industrial enterprises were faring,—whether they were loaded up with surplus goods or had orders ahead. Suppose that the information afforded by public quotations on the stock and produce exchanges were wiped from the slate of human knowledge. How would the average man, how even would a man with the intelligence and foresight of a Pierpont Morgan, determine how new capital should be invested? He would

have no guide except the most isolated facts gathered here and there at great trouble and expense. A greater misdirection of capital and energy would result than has been possible since the organization of modern economic machinery. Mr. Morgan or any other capitalist might be expending millions of dollars in building new railways or cotton mills when there was no necessity for them, while a hundred other industries beneficial to the public were stagnant for lack of capital. There would be no safe guide as to whether the world needed more railroads and fewer cotton mills, or more cotton mills and fewer railroads. Great sums would be wasted in bootless enterprises, which would prove unprofitable and carry down their owners to ruin. All the capital represented, all the labor, thought, foresight, and inventive genius involved in them, would be sacrificed to the lack of an effective public organ for pointing out the direction in which capital is needed.—*Charles A. Conant* in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

### Besant on Race Suicide

Think of the vast sums of money which are squandered by the middle classes of this country, even though they are more provident than the working classes. The money is not spent in any kind of riot: not at all; the middle classes are, on the whole, most decorous and sober: it is spent in living just a little more luxuriously than the many changes and chances of mortal life should permit. It is by lowering the standard of living that the money must be saved for the endowment of the daughters; and since the children cost less in infancy than when they grow older, it is then that the saving must be made. Everyone knows that there are thousands of young married people who can only by the dint of the strictest economy make both ends meet. It is not for them that I speak. Another voice, far more powerful than mine, should thunder into their hearts the selfishness and the wickedness of bringing into the world children for whom they can make no provision whatever, and who are destined to be thrown into the battlefield of labour provided with no other weapons than the knowledge of reading and writing. It is bad enough for the boys; but as for the girls—they had better



have been thrown as soon as born to the lions. I speak rather to those who are in better plight, who live comfortably upon the year's income, which is not too much, and who look forward to putting their boys in the way of an ambitious career, and to marrying their daughters. But as to the endowment of the girls, they have not even begun to think about it. Their

## Joseph and His Brethren

And Joseph returned in safety from his journeyings among the Natalites and the Boerites and the Spriggites, who dwell under the shadow of the mountain of the Table which overlooketh the ocean.

And he washed his face and anointed himself and came forth to meet his brethren.



Mlle. JOSEPHINE BACK FROM HER TOUR IN THE PROVINCES

—Punch

conscience has not been yet awakened, their fears not yet aroused; they look abroad and see their friends struck down by death or disaster, but they never think it may be their turn next. And yet the happiness to reflect, if death or disaster does come, that your girls are safe!—The late *Sir Walter Besant*, in *As We Are and as We May Be*.

Yet because that his countenance was darkened by his sojourn in distant lands and a great majesty sat upon it, they knew him not.

And they said the one to the other, Can this be our brother Joseph? For behold he seemeth like some great king; yea, like Pharaoh himself.

Then one of them more bold than the

others said to him, Art thou indeed our brother Joseph? And Joseph answered in a voice they well knew, Yea, I am Joseph.

And Joseph said unto them, How is it with our family heritage? And none of them spoke.

Then Joseph, perceiving their troubled minds, said unto them, What tale was that which came to me into those far lands of a certain proud King of the East who drew ye into a snare? Men said that with fair words he beguiled ye, and led our people forth in the company of his people to annoy a tribe of the Gentiles over whom our greatest kinsmen extend their power?

But be ye not cast down, for I am returned among you. No longer shall your councils be distraught or your judgments go awry. For the nations know of my glory in the lands beyond Egypt. They shall hear of my homecoming and will beware, for I am with you.—*The London Outlook.*

### The Forgotten Man

A common and fundamental neglect of our time places the emphasis upon resounding philanthropic benefactions, while the consideration is overlooked that the millions of cheerful givers of humble means are the real bone and sinew of countless admirably sustained charities. If the offer-

ings of multi-millionaires were duplicated fifty-fold this would not alter the fact that the rivulets of twenty-seven millions of Church members, and many millions more outside the churches, incredibly surpass in volume the notable contributions of the Lords of Industry and the Wizards of Finance. The Forgotten Man is he who pinches to help somebody else, and whose steady and consistent, though relatively infinitesimal, contribution, is the main reliance of boards of managers.

Consult any list of contributors to one of the myriad benevolent institutions. Page after page will read five dollars here, two dollars there, one dollar beyond, and so into thousands, not a few being from country hamlets to help, say, a city seaside mission. A certain church raises fifteen hundred dollars a year in penny contributions. Probably thousands of churches equally rely on the wage-earner's mite.

The pathetic attribute known as the "human touch" constitutes a vast network of clasped hands from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and through its meshes slip incredible sums from the hard pressed and at times "ragged edge" constituency with which to build the vast dome of our national "Otherdom," as some one has called the altruistic impulse.

With all the gratitude showered upon the undeniably generous Money King, a gratitude which is in danger of becoming a characteristic American extravaganza, the Forgotten Man is entitled to, although he does not claim it, a tardy recognition. Dry up the channels of multitudinous offerings from those of very moderate means and your multi-millionaire would stand aghast at the charitable responsibility thrust upon him. The Forgotten Man is a stranger to automobiles and broiled live lobsters at Delmonico's; he never "tooled" across the continent four-in-hand; he will have no mausoleum or tablet of bronze erected to his memory. But the great and ceaseless tides of charitable uplift and blessing which touch every shore of human need are perpetually enriched by his self-denial. Splendid is the example of him who founds a college or endows a library. Heroic is he who, unknown and unheralded, draws from his slender purse the gift for his fellowman which depletes still further his own scanty income. And the name of the Forgotten Man is legion!—*The Independent.*



THE LATE RISING IN MOROCCO  
—Punch